December 31, 1999 49145 $3.95 U.S., $4.95 Canadian

rewell to *Firing Line*, 1966–1999

ATIONAL REVIEW

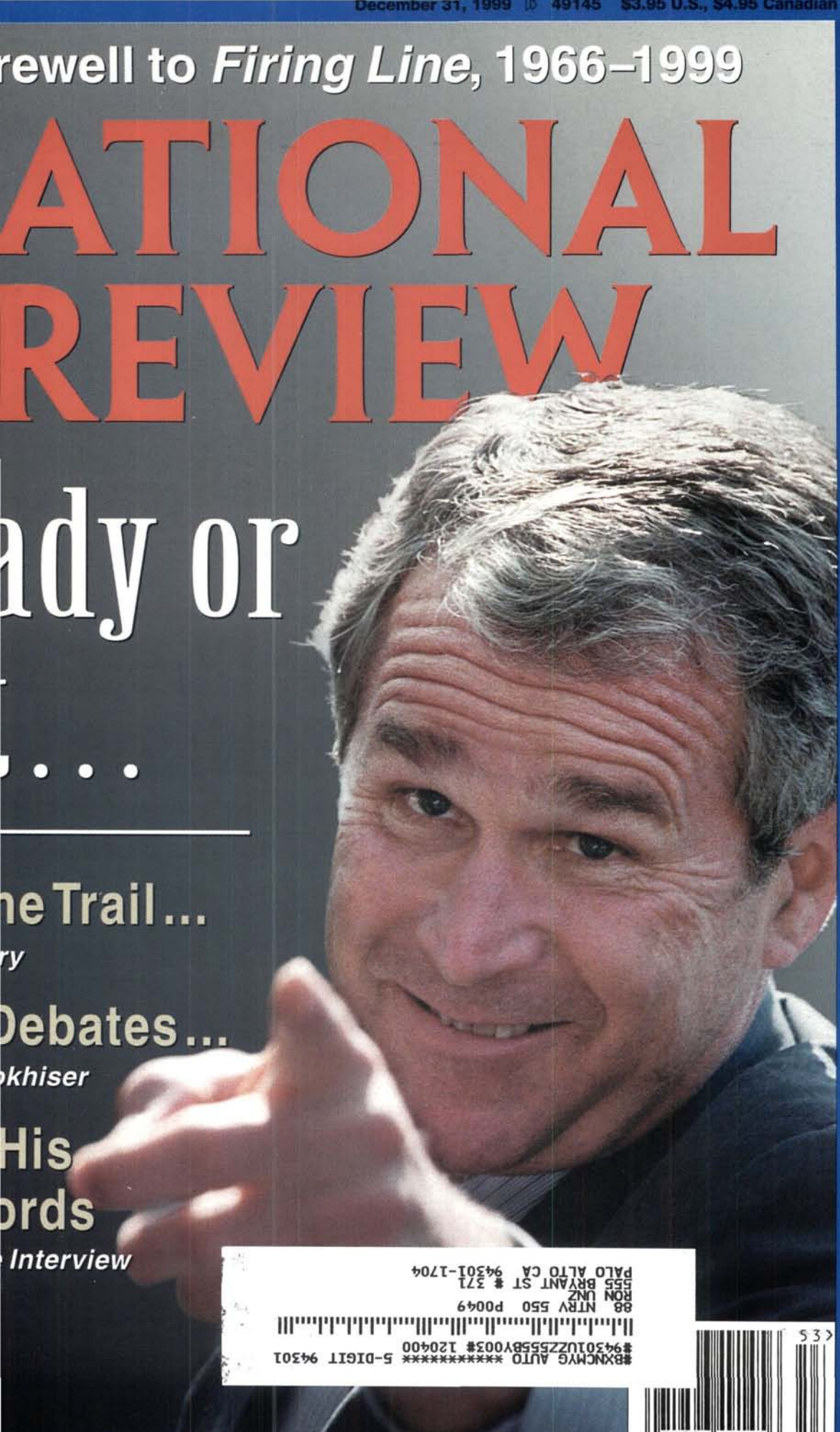
ady or

. . .

he Trail...
ry

Debates...
okhiser

His
ords
Interview



#BXNCMYG AUTO **********5-DIGIT 94301
#94301UZZ555BY003# 120400
88 NTRY 550 P0049
RON UNZ
555 BRYANT ST # 371
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704

0 71896 49145 6

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

www.nationalreview.com

EVERY CHILD IS A MASTERPIECE

DISPLAYED IN A FRAGILE MUSEUM CALLED EARTH.

The 500,000 men and women of America's Electric Utility Companies take great pride in generating electricity more cleanly and efficiently than ever before. At the same time, we are working to clean up the air, the water, and the landscape. To learn more about our environmental programs, and new ways you can use electricity wisely, visit our website (www.eei.org/enviro/). Let's all help to preserve this masterpiece.

AMERICA'S ELECTRIC UTILITY COMPANIES

©1998, by the Edison Electric Institute. All rights reserved.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL REVIEW

DECEMBER 31, 1999 VOL. LI, NO. 25

ARTICLES

14 A Farewell to *Firing Line*
by Jay Nordlinger, George F. Will
TV at its best.

17 After Seattle *by Ramesh Ponnuru*
The new politics of trade.

19 A Rake's Progress *by John O'Sullivan*
Donald Trump in action.

20 Trump's Top Op *by John J. Miller*
The career of Roger Stone.

22 Chaplain in a Collar *by Kate O'Beirne*
A GOP–Catholic controversy.

23 Men, Plans, a Canal *by Elliott Abrams*
The next stage in Panama.

26 The Fantasy Life of Justices *by Gerard V. Bradley*
Abortion in fact and myth.

28 Stumper *by Richard Lowry*
The challenge facing Bush.

30 Bush as Debater *by Richard Brookhiser*
A critique.

33 In His Own Words
W. speaks.

36 The True Sprit of Chrismas
The Heath children hold forth.

BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

The Good Booklets—*Jack Miles,* **page 42**
The Pocket Canons: The Books of the Bible

King (Cole) of Pop—*Pete Hamill,* **page 43**
Nat King Cole, *by Daniel Mark Epstein*

The Mythmaker—*Randy Roberts,* **page 46**
Print the Legend, *by Scott Eyman*

City Desk: In Vitro Veritas—*Richard Brookhiser on where babies come from,* **page 48**

Music: Wagner Time Again—*Jay Nordlinger on Jane Eaglen and Ben Heppner in* Tristan und Isolde, **page 50**

Film: Holiday Hustle—*John Simon on* The Hurricane, Angela's Ashes, *and other highs and lows of the holiday season,* **page 51**

SECTIONS

2 Letters
4 For the Record
6 The Week
39 Letter from Al
40 Help!
54 On the Right
56 The Misanthrope's Corner

WORLD WIDE WEB
http://www.nationalreview.com

Cover photo: © AFP/Corbis

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Periodicals postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

©National Review, Inc., 1999.

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc., to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668; phone, 815-734-1232, Monday–Friday, 7:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. Eastern time. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct classified advertising inquiries to: Classifieds Dept., National Review, 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016 or call 212-679-7330. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668. Printed in the U.S.A.

RATES: $59.00 a year (25 issues). Add $21.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or artwork unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL REVIEW

December 31 issue; printed December 15

EDITOR
Richard Lowry

Senior Editors
Linda Bridges / Richard Brookhiser
Jeffrey Hart / David Klinghoffer
Ramesh Ponnuru / David Pryce-Jones
Peter W. Rodman

Managing Editor Jay Nordlinger
Washington Editor Kate O'Beirne
Literary Editor Adam Bellow
Executive Editor Dorothy McCartney
Deputy Managing Editor Michael Potemra
National Political Reporter John J. Miller
Production Editor Kathryn Jean Lopez
Art Director Luba Kolomytseva
Associate Editor Cristopher Rapp
Executive Secretary Frances Bronson
Assistant to Mr. Buckley Tony Savage
Proofreader Julie Crane
Assistant to the Editor Jessica Kelsey

Editorial Associates
Patricia B. Bozell / Kate Dwyer / Jane Buckley Smith
Research Director John J. Virtes
Research Assistant Russell Jenkins

Contributing Editors
Elliott Abrams / Hadley Arkes
Tom Bethell / Robert H. Bork / Peter Brimelow
Eliot A. Cohen / Brian Crozier / John Derbyshire
W. H. von Dreele / Andrew Ferguson
Neal B. Freeman / David Gelernter
Jonah Goldberg / John Hillen / Florence King
Lawrence Kudlow / Anthony Lejeune
Mark R. Levin / Rob Long / Allan H. Meltzer
Stephen Moore / Richard John Neuhaus
Matthew Scully / John Simon / Ralph de Toledano
Ernest van den Haag / Vin Weber
Timothy J. Wheeler

PRESIDENT
Thomas L. Rhodes

EDITORS-AT-LARGE
Wm. F. Buckley Jr. / John O'Sullivan

Contributors
Digby Anderson / Aram Bakshian Jr.
Baloo / James Bowman / David Brudnoy
Priscilla L. Buckley / Richard C. Carpenter
Donald Coxe / John R. Coyne Jr. / Dinesh D'Souza
John Dizard / M. Stanton Evans
Chester E. Finn Jr. / James Gardner
Roman Genn / George Gilder
Victor Gold / Charles R. Kesler
James Jackson Kilpatrick / Jan Lukas
D. Keith Mano / Charles Burton Marshall
Forrest McDonald / Thomas Molnar/ Joe Mysak
Michael Novak /Alan Reynolds / Paul Craig Roberts
Selden Rodman / William A. Rusher
Radek Sikorski / Tracy Lee Simmons
Terry Teachout / S. L. Varnado
Taki Theodoracopulos / Chilton Williamson Jr.

Associate Publisher Jack Fowler
Assistant to the Publisher Irena A. Michals
Assistant to the President Barbara Nowack
Chief Financial Officer James X. Kilbridge
Accounting Manager Galina Veygman
Treasurer Rose Flynn DeMaio
Business Services
Alex Batey / Vicki Manca
Irina Dynkevich
Circulation Director Theresa Maloney
Circulation Manager Jason Ng

WORLD WIDE WEB http://www.nationalreview.com
MAIN NUMBER 212-679-7330
SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES 815-734-1232
WASHINGTON OFFICE 202-543-9226
ADVERTISING SALES 212-679-7330
Associate Publisher Scott F. Budd
Advertising Manager Todd Westover
Account Executive Elizabeth Capano
Detroit Rep. Joseph J. Colucci 248-626-9918

PUBLISHER
Edward A. Capano

■ LETTERS ■

CLEARING THE RECORD

I never expected that NATIONAL REVIEW would welcome my critique of public piety, but I was surprised to see your reviewer, Norah Vincent, accuse me of being pro-Clinton and anti-Catholic ("Unbelievable," Nov. 22). I didn't even vote for Clinton in 1996. I have great contempt for him, which I've clearly expressed (comparing him in the book to Elmer Gantry). So I assume that Vincent implies that I am a Clinton ally simply to discredit me before your readers.

The charge of anti-Catholicism is more baffling. Vincent's only evidence of it is a remark I make about the double standards the mainstream media apply to religious faiths. In my experience, the media do not tolerate much irreverence toward established Western religions but do invite derision of New Age. I write, "The Reverend Sun Myung Moon is always fair game, but not the Pope." I chose the Pope as an example, obviously, simply because he is the most prominent world leader of an established Western religion.

I have one substantive reference to the Pope, a mention of his 1998 encyclical *Fides et Ratio* as evidence that religions have "inspired and supported scholarship, argument, and intellectual inquiry." I question what seems to be circular reasoning in the encyclical—the assumption that right reasoning will always lead us to God.

Do the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW believe that merely questioning the ideas or reasoning processes of a Catholic is an expression of anti-Catholicism? Is Vincent's attack on my book anti-Semitism? I don't think so. But it did make me reconsider the value of teaching the Ten Commandments. Isn't there one about bearing false witness?

Wendy Kaminer
Boston, Mass.

THE CONSTITUTION'S NOT THE THING

When it comes to abortion, Clarke D. Forsythe ("First Steps," Dec. 20) seems not to realize that any constitutional-amendment strategy is doomed to failure. The amendment would fail to be enacted, or fail to be enforced. Worse, it would concede the principle that the Supreme Court has the power to amend the Constitution unilaterally. This we must never concede.

The problem is not the Constitution, but *Roe*. Therefore, our only hope is a concerted effort by the two elected branches to reshape both the statutory law and the Court's makeup, to the point where the justices are only too happy to return the issue to the states—sustained confrontation, rather than a fool's errand.

That can happen only when a pro-life president and Congress are elected simultaneously. And that can happen only when pro-lifers finally come to grips with reality, hold their noses, and vote Republican, and only Republican, en masse. Pro-lifers who fail to do this on November 7, 2000, will have only themselves to blame for the continued failure of their cause, and the deaths that result.

Dean Clancy
Annandale, Va.

OPEN CAMPUS

John J. Miller's article "Horror at Hillsdale" (Dec. 6) needs more balance. I've taught American history at the college level for 20 years at three institutions—one of which was Hillsdale College. Yes, George Roche, like most college presidents, did exert a lot of influence on campus. But the faculty had wide latitude in hiring and firing; and the students were not only bright, they had much freedom and control over the campus newspaper. It regularly satirized Roche and other administrators.

Hillsdale College is the most intellectually open campus I've known. That's why I was stunned by Mr. Miller's decision to quote an anonymous source referring to a "Stalinist kind of environment" at Hillsdale. My assignment to Mr. Miller: Write on the blackboard 100 times, "I will avoid sensationalist journalism."

When Hillsdale's leaders saw a situation in which the school's values were being compromised, they took action. They fired the president, installed a search committee, and now want to go back to the business of providing students a first-class education. It's time to leave them alone.

Burton Folsom Jr.
Houston, Tex.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kids at Franciscan Children's Hospital have a new treatment. It's not a pill. But it is terrific medicine.

"I didn't like it when I came here. But with this cool computer, it just got better."

At Franciscan Children's Hospital in Boston, kids now have computers loaded with educational programs, games, and e-mail, provided by Microsoft. With the Internet, they can stay connected to school, friends, and the world outside.

Today, kids at Franciscan can keep their curiosity healthy with Microsoft® technology like our Encarta®™ encyclopedia. At Microsoft, we're creating tools to help empower kids everywhere to learn, grow, and discover the future in themselves. To find out more about our philanthropic programs, visit www.microsoft.com/giving.

Microsoft®

Where do you want to go today?®

© 1999 Microsoft Corporation. All rights reserved. Microsoft, Encarta, and *Where do you want to go today?* are either registered trademarks or trademarks of Microsoft Corp. in the U.S. and/or other countries. Other products and company names mentioned herein may be the trademarks of their respective owners.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

■ FOR THE RECORD ■

■ President **Clinton**, at press conference: "I've had more blacks who've served in my cabinet, more Hispanics who've served in my cabinet. More people . . . from Asia have been appointed in my administration than any previous administration by far." People from Asia? **Daphne Kwok** of the National Council for Asian Pacific Americans replies: "Talk like this confuses the American populace about the Asian-American community. Are we from Asia or are we really Americans?" . . . Las Vegas mayor **Oscar Goodman**, a former mob lawyer, describes his Election Day on *60 Minutes*: "I had one message at 4:55 and one message at 5:00. The one at 5:00 was the White House and President Clinton. The one at 4:55 was a former drug dealer that I represented, both congratulating me. So, I said, 'That says it all.'" . . . **Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.** on Clinton legacy: "What historians will first think about [Clinton] is that he's the first elected president ever to be impeached, and that's something that's an indelible stain on his reputation. They will, on the other hand, [ask] to what extent he sold out the historic legacy of the Democratic Party. He missed this great opportunity . . . to be a transformational president."

■ Vice President **Gore**, on whether he will rule out raising taxes: "You have to have flexibility on the fiscal side. . . . Nobody has a crystal ball." . . . **Bill Bradley**, on whether he will rule out raising taxes: "Nobody can predict the future of a trillion-dollar economy." . . . Liberal Democratic Reps. **Jim McDermott** (Wash.), **George Miller** (Calif.), and **Pete Stark** (Calif.) endorse Bradley. . . . ABC News, which fired correspondent **Bob Zelnick** last year for not breaking contract to write Gore biography, refuses to discipline White House correspondent **John Cochran** this year for hosting Gore dinner at home.

■ Sen. **Ted Kennedy** (D., Mass.) tells *Boston Herald* he hasn't decided whether to endorse Gore, but praises **George W. Bush:** "I don't want to be giving him an endorsement, but I think he certainly meets the bar. . . . If I were Bush I'd run on that education [record] because they've made important strides. . . . I think he's done very well." . . . **Robert F. Kennedy Jr.** tells *Arizona Republic* that if Republican must be elected, he hopes it's Sen. **John McCain**. . . . **Jeane Kirkpatrick** backs McCain. . . . Rep. **John Kasich** (R., Ohio), on Bush debate performance, in *New York Times*: "He has not been the **Michael Jordan** in the debates." . . . Manchester *Union Leader* announces its endorsement: "**Steve Forbes** is not charismatic. (Some would say he looks like a geek.) But he's also not a phony." . . . In *USA Today*, **Gary Bauer** says students should recite Declaration of Independence every day before class.

■ Zogby poll: Pet owners prefer Republicans to Democrats in a generic congressional ballot, 38 percent to 30 percent, with 30 percent undecided. . . . **Ron K. Unz** abandons race for GOP Senate nomination in California, making Rep. **Tom Campbell** favorite to challenge Sen. **Dianne Feinstein** (D.) in uphill battle. . . . Ill. Lt. Gov. **Corinne Wood** (R.) blasts Abercrombie and Fitch clothing company for nude images in catalog targeting young customers; calls for boycott. . . . South Carolina unveils 17-foot, 32-ton statue of Sen. **Strom Thurmond** (R.) outside statehouse in Columbia. . . . National Capital Planning Commission announces site near Tidal Basin for **Martin Luther King Jr.** memorial.

■ In *New York Times*, Yeshiva University historian **Ellen Schrecker** explains that spies like **Alger Hiss** and the **Rosenbergs** weren't traitors; they just "did not subscribe to traditional forms of patriotism." . . . Justice Department takes Law School Admissions Test to court, saying it discriminates against physically disabled because they don't receive extra time to take it. . . . Editorial Information Network celebrates one-year anniversary, providing inside-Washington information to conservative state and local editorial writers. It can be reached at editorialnetwork.com . . . Amherst Regional High School in Massachusetts cancels production of *West Side Story* because of how the show depicts Puerto Ricans. . . . Boston College researcher **Paul Schervish** says Americans will give between $41 trillion and $136 trillion to charity by 2055, in 1998 dollars.

■ Polls show more than half of British public wants out of EU or a reduction of EU powers, and believes sterling should be country's sole currency. . . . **Queen Elizabeth II** will visit Dublin next month. . . . Radio Liberty/Radio Free Europe reports on perception that shady characters in Russia run for Duma to use parliamentary immunity and escape criminal charges. . . . French government blocks Coca-Cola's two-and-a-half-year struggle to buy Orangina beverage company. . . .Russia and India sign 10-year agreement to produce weapons jointly. . . . Arab monarchies in Gulf say customs union will take effect in 2005, four years later than expected, in first step to free-trade agreement with EU. . . . **Pope John Paul II**, on meeting new Panamanian ambassador to Vatican: "In recovering sovereignty of the [Canal] territory, you must pay particular attention to avoid letting outside interests or pressures take advantage of the benefits that this magnificent historic opportunity can bring to the people."

■ **Gleaves Whitney**, aide to Michigan Gov. **John Engler**, speaking at Heritage Foundation on what he's heard people say about the late **Russell Kirk**: "He had the heart of a liberal—he kept it in a jar on his desk." **NR**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Kaufmann Fund®

A Small Company Aggressive Growth Fund

Experience Counts!

Invest with the Kaufmann Fund!

Investment experience counts. Auriana and Utsch combine over 70 years of Wall Street experience investing in small growth companies. Together they have been managing the Kaufmann Fund for over ten years.

"Tough Guys Finish FIRST" *

Lawrence Auriana and Hans Utsch, Portfolio Co-managers

- **Take advantage of historic buying opportunities in small-cap stocks.**
- **Outstanding investment values for the long-term portion of your portfolio.**

"One of the Best Funds for Retirement"

— Fortune's Retirement Guide

Call now for a prospectus:

(800) 360-6614

* *Mutual Funds Magazine April '95*

For more complete information including charges, expenses, and risks on small-cap stocks please read the prospectus carefully before you invest.

The Kaufmann Fund, Inc.

140 East 45th Street, New York, NY 10017 • Fax (212) 661-2266 • www.kaufmann.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

■ Okay, so Boris Yeltsin can incinerate the United States with several hundred megatons of nuclear weapons, but can he close his eyes and touch the tip of his nose?

■ The Bush campaign orchestrated favorable publicity to greet its tax-cut plan, but the inevitable criticisms have begun. A left-wing outfit called Citizens for Tax Justice claims that the Bush plan showers most of its benefits on the 10 percent of Americans with the highest income. Others say the assumptions on which the plan is based are too optimistic. And Al Gore robotically denounces the tax cut as "reckless." That's a curious way to describe a plan projected to reduce revenues by only 9 percent over the next ten years. Even that estimate is probably too high, since Bush's advisers have assumed only 2.7 percent annual economic growth—less than the 3 percent average of the last 20 years. True, the folks who pay the most taxes get the most dollars back under the plan. But lower-income households get the largest percentage reductions in income taxes, and the distribution of the tax burden is hardly changed. Low-income workers see their effective marginal tax rates drop from 36 percent to 21 percent. Bush's tax cut is not the one we would have designed; but it ought to be strong enough to withstand the Democratic onslaught next year.

■ Put a bunch of presidential candidates on an Iowa stage and, without fail, almost all will slavishly praise federal subsidies and mandates for ethanol. A corn-based alcohol fuel, ethanol is more expensive than its fossil-based competition. Yet four of six GOP presidential candidates say ethanol is worth the extra price (and regulatory mandates and generous federal tax exemptions) because it helps farmers and the environment. The reality is that while adding ethanol to gasoline does marginally reduce emissions of carbon monoxide, it increases emissions that produce smog. Nonetheless, federal environmental laws mandate the inclusion of additives, such as ethanol, in motor fuel. The program is an expensive argument against Iowa's first-in-the-nation caucuses.

■ Kate Michelman, president of the National Abortion and Reproductive Rights Action League, challenged Republican presidential candidates to "declare unequivocally whether they will use the power of the presidency to end legal abortion." We'd like to second that. Since it is considered bad form to make judicial appointees pass an abortion litmus test (though not, presumably, a free-speech litmus test), both timid and stout-hearted candidates can say they will appoint judges who will interpret the Constitution "responsibly." But a presidential candidate can promise not to veto congressional bans on partial-birth abortions. He can shape a Justice Department that will not treat demonstrators at abortion clinics as mobsters, subject to RICO snooping; refuse to fund abortion through foreign-aid or U.N. programs; and prohibit abortion on military bases. Michelman is no doubt as curious as we are to know the answers to all these questions. Gentlemen?

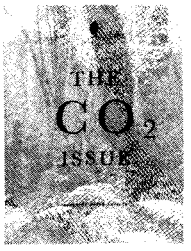
■ New York mayor Rudolph Giuliani has been a pioneer on one conservative issue (fighting crime), good on many (welfare and education reform), indifferent on some (tax cutting), and disastrous on the cluster called "social issues," particularly abortion, which he supports under every circumstance, including last-minute infanticides (a/k/a partial-birth abortions). The Conservative party is likely to withhold its nomination from him in his upcoming Senate race against Hillary Clinton, ostensibly because of his abortion stand. There are also narrowly political motives at work: Giuliani may have the Liberal party line, and the two parties are jealous of each other; former senator Al D'Amato and Gov. George Pataki are both longtime Giuliani foes (though they have supposedly made peace) and Conservative party patrons. Single-issue pro-life voters will have the Right to Life line available for protest, whatever the Conservatives do. Still, a no-endorsement would be the honorable course. Parties that abandon every ideological distinction will (and should) go the way of the Whigs. Voters, choosing between a hybrid and a horror, will make their own calculations.

■ A *cause célèbre* during the '80s, the homeless disappeared from the national political debate around the time Bill Clinton was elected. They have reappeared now, to be used as weapons against a Republican politician—Mayor Giuliani. Mrs. Clinton denounced Giuliani for "criminalizing the homeless with mass arrests for those whose only offense is that they have no home." Giuliani's actual policy is to require that vagrants seek shelter or hospitalization, and that the able-bodied among them work in return for benefits. Objectors to this policy appear to be positing an inalienable right for schizophrenics to wallow in their own excrement and menace others. Such is the breadth of liberal compassion.

■ Pity Wen Ho Lee, who lives in a country so racist and xenophobic that he can't take massive amounts of the most sensitive classified information on U.S. nuclear-weapons

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vice President Gore writes, "[A]ny disruption in climate patterns can dramatically affect the distribution of rainfall, the intensity of storms and droughts, the directions of prevailing winds and ocean currents, and the appearance of erratic weather patterns, with extremes of both heat and cold."



A couple of charitable foundations gave away $8,000,000 for advertising that announces, "All kinds of strange things have been happening with the weather." When Hurricane Floyd threatened, Tom Brokaw intoned on NBC's Nightly News, "Hurricanes of this magnitude were once incredibly rare, but not any longer." They want you to believe the weather's changing and that you're to blame.

Are They Right? *Isaac's Storm* is about the deadliest hurricane in history—in 1900. Erik Larson chronicles "the wild hurricane season of 1780, during which three intense hurricanes scoured the Caribbean in a period of two weeks." He tells of the winter of 1898-99 when "icebergs ten feet high flowed down the Mississippi past New Orleans" and the "sudden cold killed participants in the Mardi Gras parade" while snow piled up on Galveston beaches. Can you imagine Brokaw's reaction if these events occurred today?

Get The Facts. The question is not whether humans have a *discernible influence* on climate; we do. The Rio Treaty is a commitment to prevent *dangerous human interference* with climate—something for which there is no scientific evidence. Our information is available online. You can call us toll free. Greening Earth Society will send you a free booklet, *The CO2 Issue*, and information on what you can do to help balance the climate-change debate. We're funded by consumer-owned utility companies, concerned citizens, and Western Fuels Association.

HAVE YOU HEARD? YOU'RE CAUSING EXTREME WEATHER!

GREENING EARTH SOCIETY

CALL TOLL FREE 800-529-4503 OR VISIT WWW.GREENINGEARTHSOCIETY.ORG

Support for Greening Earth Society is provided by individual members, consumer-owned electric utilities, and Western Fuels Association, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

designs and tests, can't delete its classified markings, can't then move it onto an open computer system, can't copy some of it onto ten computer tapes (seven of which are now "lost"), can't fail a polygraph test and within two hours of learning the result begin furiously deleting the classified data on the open system—without arousing suspicion. Federal investigators obviously haven't read their sensitivity manual.

■ "The last thing I wanted was to be mayor of a city that called in the National Guard," said Seattle mayor Paul Schell mournfully after his downtown turned into a riotous carnival during the recent WTO convention. But when the locals drop the ball, someone has to pick it up. Schell and his police chief, Norm Stamper, who has resigned in disgrace, coaxed the protesters along with promises of a forum, and had no plans for dealing with rampaging anarchists. So they had to rely on tear gas and pepper spray, and finally, call in the adults, while vandals did 3 million dollars' damage to stores. Note to the WTO: Book New York, before Giuliani leaves.

■ Al Gore took a half step toward allowing medical marijuana, then took a quarter step back. Bolder thinking comes from California congressman Tom Campbell, the leading candidate for the Republican nomination for the Senate, who suggests that the federal government distribute drugs to addicts in order to get them into treatment. His proposal raises any number of questions—why federal?—but Campbell has shown real political courage in opening a needed debate on the drug war.

■ As expected, President Clinton surrendered to public opinion in Puerto Rico by deciding that the military will not resume live-fire training exercises at the Vieques range. The USS *Eisenhower* battle group will therefore leave for the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf without the training that senior officers believe is critical to combat readiness. Vice Adm. Daniel J. Murphy, commander of the Sixth Fleet, declared, chillingly, that "the loss of Vieques would cost American lives." Well, then: Now that Vieques training has been lost, the admiral should have the courage of his convictions and resign in protest.

■ Syrian-Israeli negotiations have resumed, and at an unprecedentedly high level, but there is no cause for euphoria. Thorny issues are unresolved, and Syria intends to play rough—as shown by its increase in aid to Hezbollah terrorists in Lebanon. Nonetheless, Israeli prime minister Ehud Barak seems willing to give up the Golan Heights in exchange for tight security provisions and normalization of relations. If this happens, it will mean a wrenching change in Syria's policy as well as Israel's. Barak's calculation (like Yitzhak Rabin's) is that Syria has been diminished as a strategic factor by the collapse of the Soviet Union and has no military option against Israel; and that, for Israel, peace with all its immediate neighbors will strengthen its position vis-à-vis the main threats, which now come from other directions (Iran, Iraq, Islamic fundamentalism). It's a risk, but Barak is no fool.

■ Not content with apologizing to Africa for slavery and to Greece for the Cold War, the Clinton administration has apologized to native Hawaiians for America's role in overthrowing their monarchy. (U.S. troops helped Hawaiians of American birth or descent stage a republican coup in 1893.) "Our role in supporting the overthrow of Hawaii's government . . . was an injustice, and its guilt continues to stain our existence today," said assistant interior secretary John Berry. Next: an apology to the Indians of Plymouth, Mass., for docking without a permit.

■ A civil jury in Memphis endorsed the conspiracy theory that Martin Luther King Jr. was the victim of a vast assassination plot. The idea that gunman James Earl Ray was only a bit player in a larger drama has been discredited many times, most recently in Gerald Posner's book *Killing the Dream* and in a 1998 report by Memphis prosecutors following a lengthy investigation. But the King family has pursued it relentlessly, even hiring William Pepper, the man who defended Ray, as its lawyer. The Kings pressed their claim in civil court, with its lower standard of proof, and benefited from a cooperative judge, a nonexistent defense, and gullible jurors. The ruling in their favor—uncritically reported by many journalists who have not done their homework—now lodges in the public mind a question that should not be there. The King family, which has sold its film rights to Oliver Stone, has shamed the legacy of the man to whom it owes everything.

■ Pete Rose wants back in baseball. The former Cincinnati Reds star—famous for breaking Ty Cobb's all-time hits record and for his full-throttle style of play—was banned from the game in 1989, after official investigators determined he had bet on baseball, including the Reds when he managed the team. Now Rose is stepping up a Clintonesque counteroffensive: admit to nothing, pretend the evidence (in the form of an exhaustive, damning report issued ten years ago) does not exist because most people are not familiar with it, and hope your popularity makes it all go away. President Clinton, most fittingly, has offered his support ("God knows, he's paid a price"). Fans still have unaccountably fond feelings for Rose, who was blessed with a historic career in a great game and returned the favor with a betrayal, and now an ongoing campaign of lies.

■ Though Joseph Heller published several novels and a couple of memoirs, he remains a presence only through his 1961 *Catch-22*, a comedy noir about the absurdity of a bureaucratized war, in this case World War II. The title of this novel has entered our vocabulary along with "Orwellian," "Swiftian," "Kafkaesque," and "Chaplinesque." *Catch-22* became an antiwar favorite during the Vietnam period. All good writing about war, starting with the *Iliad*, has been aware of war's absurd dimension. The term SNAFU was coined during

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World War II (the F-word bowdlerized for civilian consumption in "Situation Normal, All Fouled Up"). The absurdity is real, felt strongly at the individual level. Yet World War II was not absurd. Both Germany and Japan are much better off for it, not to mention the rest of us. Heller has died at his home in East Hampton, age 76. (But Yossarian lives.) R.I.P.

CAMPAIGN 2000

Where's the Beef?

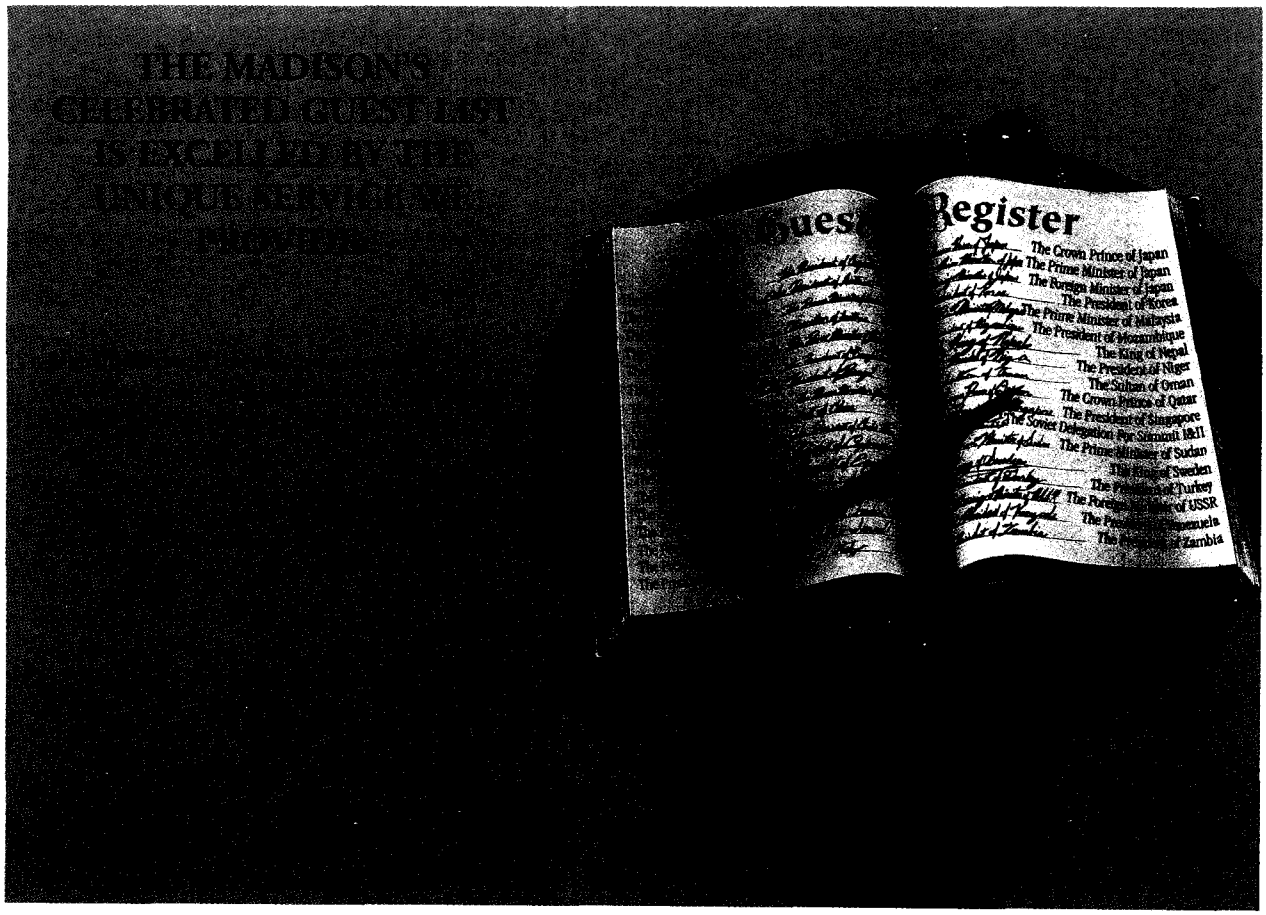
WITHIN minutes of the Republican debate in Iowa on December 13, John McCain's campaign had faxed out a press release. It said, "When Governor Bush criticized John McCain on his tax plan, he neglected one simple fact: John McCain hasn't announced his proposal for tax reform yet." No kidding. Sen. McCain has not yet announced proposals on many subjects, in contrast to George W. Bush, who, while criticized by some for not taking positions, has actually laid out a detailed agenda on taxes, education, and defense.

McCain does, of course, have a long voting record in Congress, and it is (with some high-profile exceptions) strongly conservative. Of his own agenda, however, almost all we hear about on the trail is campaign-finance reform. McCain uses campaign-finance reform as a shield for his silence on other matters. Ask him about tax reform, and he will say vaguely that he supports it but considers it unachievable because of the power of moneyed interests under current law. If corruption were really the main obstacle to tax reform, McCain would have no reason to duck the question. He does so because, in fact, it is real political disagreement that blocks tax reform (and the other improvements he has addressed in this way).

The senator is constantly praised for his willingness to speak his mind—yet he temporizes on *Roe* v. *Wade*, on guns, on quotas. Are his real thoughts impolitic or non-existent? How strong is McCain's knowledge of the issues? McCain praises Justice Sandra Day O'Connor—understandably perhaps, given that she is an Arizonan—but then cannot identify any significant contribution she has made to the law. (Actually, that may be understandable too.)

Where McCain has indeed taken positions, they are not infrequently to the left of Bush's. McCain criticizes the governor's tax cuts as reckless. He implicitly criticizes his school vouchers for taking money away from the public schools. McCain, though he is a supporter of vouchers, evidently thinks that no school should ever be punished for failure.

The establishment media's love affair with McCain, which is very much requited, will ultimately not help him get the


THE MADISON'S
CELEBRATED GUEST LIST
IS EXCELLED BY THE
UNIQUE SERVICE OF
Register
The Crown Prince of Japan
The Prime Minister of Japan
The Foreign Minister of Japan
The President of Korea
The Prime Minister of Malaysia
The President of Mozambique
The King of Nepal
The President of Niger
The Sultan of Oman
The Crown Prince of Qatar
The President of Singapore
The Prime Minister of Sudan
The President of Turkey
The President of USSR
The President of Zambia

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Republican nomination. For that, he will need conservative support. And that support is not out of his reach: Many conservatives find his war heroism, voting record, and demeanor attractive, and harbor misgivings about Bush. But they want to see evidence that McCain is willing to fight for a controversial conservative cause: the repeal of racial preferences, the reduction of judicial power, the defeat of the global-warming accord. We will know McCain is serious about getting the nomination when he earns his first negative column from Al Hunt.

The McCain challenge, meanwhile, may have useful effects on the Bush campaign. Fending it off will require Bush to address the reservations about him. What Bush needs to prove is not his intelligence, but his seriousness. As he does this, talking about compassion will be no substitute for addressing his rivals' ideas—starting with McCain's campaign-finance proposals. So far, Bush has run a smart but cautious campaign. He has played by Beltway accounting rules, accepted the feminizing drift of our politics, indulged popular fallacies about education spending, and so on. Bush talks a lot about changing the culture. The question he should answer now is how he intends to change the political culture.

THE CUBAN BOY

Prison Break

If a husband and wife died in a boating accident, which the wife's child by a previous marriage survived, under normal circumstances the child's father, if he were alive, would come pick the child up and try to carry on. But since Juan Miguel Gonzalez is a Cuban, this is not happening. The Castro government demands that little Elian Gonzalez, the 6-year-old boy who was pulled from the sea when a refugee boat carrying his mother and stepfather sank off the Florida coast, be returned forthwith. Castro himself announced that Mr. Gonzalez told him that he had no interest in going to the United States to discuss Elian's fate. Naturally Mr. Gonzales said that; Castro is no ordinary social worker.

Elian's great-aunt and -uncle, who live in Miami, want to keep the boy. His former home is a jail, whose wardens want him treated as an escaped inmate, not as a young human being whose welfare is to be decided by intra-family decision. After decades of economic failure, Castro is eager to encourage contacts with the outside world that he can control—e.g., European tourism in Cuba (often with prostitution on the side). But the free travel of his citizens is forbidden: If it weren't, he would preside over a vacated island.

Cubans flee in boats and rafts; Cubans who have already made it out fly back in Cessnas, hoping to pick up family members; pampered athletes duck away from their teams during international tours. These are the marks of a society in ongoing crisis. Ronald Reagan challenged Mikhail Gorbachev to tear down the Berlin Wall; Berliners finally did it for him. The ocean, Castro's wall, is made of sturdier stuff; until he relents or dies, his subjects will make desperate efforts to scramble across it.

RUSSIA

Sick Man

Russia today is the sick man of Europe. Unable to meet elementary obligations to its people, the Russian state is living off handouts, an international welfare scrounger. At the same time, it denounces the Chechens as "terrorist bandits" and murders or exiles them merely because they are asking for human rights. At this writing, elections are due for the Parliament, or Duma, and a strange assortment of candidates are on offer, ranging from unreconstructed Communists to dubious *biznismen* seeking immunity from the law, with self-declared "reformists" thrown in to flavor the stew.

President Boris Yeltsin cuts a tragic figure. One day, fresh from the hospital, he signs a treaty to bring together Russia and Belarus, and he has to be told by advisers when he has actually reached the end of his speech, and he also has to be saved from falling down. Another day, against doctor's orders, he flies to Beijing, where he and Chinese president Jiang Zemin indulge in a joint rant. They wish to continue suppressing their minorities by whatever means they see fit. Human rights, they think, are a nasty trick aimed against them. They have noted what they like to call "negative trends in international relations . . . and a unipolar mode in cultural values and [ideology] that is being forced upon the international community." Translated from neo-Marxist jargon, this boils down to, "We resent and hate America, and we will murder and imprison as we see fit."

There is more. President Clinton actually dared to suggest that the ethnic cleansing of Chechnya might not be very nice. To put even such slight pressure on Russia was to take a fearful liberty. Clinton, thundered Yeltsin, "cannot dictate how the whole world should live, work, and play," and the American president "obviously must have forgotten for a few seconds, a minute, or half a minute, what Russia is and that Russia possesses a full arsenal of nuclear weapons." The example of King Lear comes to mind, at the moment when that old man was swearing to take extreme measures of revenge: "What they are yet I know not,—but they shall be the terrors of the earth."

Appropriate as it might seem, a reservation in the Mayo Clinic is not necessary. Prime Minister Vladimir Putin was quick to cut in, reassuring the world that the United States maintains very good relations with Russia, and that Clinton was motivated by the wish to save it "additional problems." In common with most Russians, Putin wants to have his cake and eat it, to enjoy American aid and support while giving those Chechen "terrorist bandits" what they deserve. Putin is suddenly the hero of the hour. An old KGB professional, ice-cold, he appears to be shaping into another of the strongmen whom Russia has traditionally thrown up in times of trouble. Promoting Putin as his successor, Yeltsin is likely to blow his top more loudly and erratically. Nobody should pay attention or, more futile still, offer support. In the face of people determined to go to hell in their own way, the only wise course of action is to stand clear.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOUNG AMERICA'S FOUNDATION

"You have revived a Movement!"

William F. Buckley, Jr.

LIBERTAS
Rush Limbaugh Inspires Foundation Audience in New York City
Buchanan Reveals Conservative Principles to Huge Student Audiences
UP CLOSE

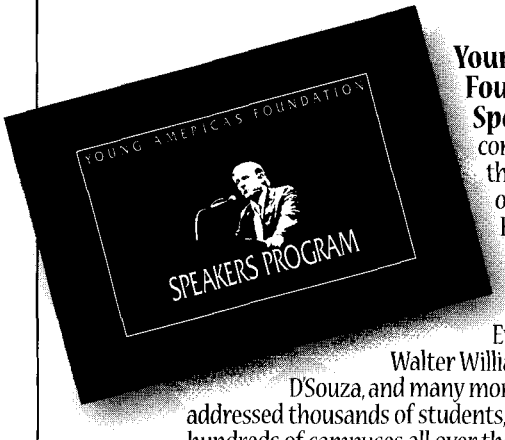
You can play an important role in spreading your ideas to new audiences. Young America's Foundation is the breakthrough outreach organization of the Conservative Movement. Learn the secrets of successful activism. *Call today!*

Libertas is the Foundation's general newsletter published six times yearly. It reports on Foundation events, noting students who have conducted campus programs and battled political correctness successfully.

Free.

Campus Leader is the Foundation's monthly newsletter for student contacts. It alerts students to available Foundation events and resources, including speakers, books, and posters. Each issue includes a full-size poster. These posters decorate thousands of dorm rooms on campuses all over the U. S.

Free to students.

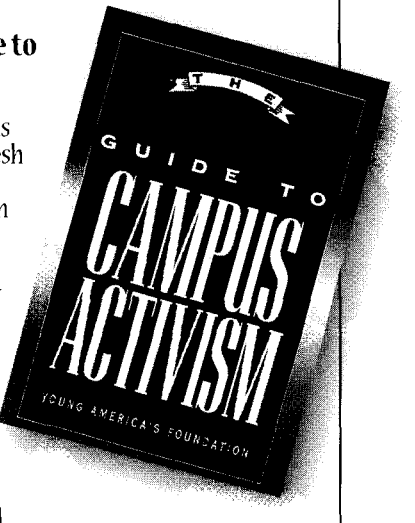


Young America's Foundation Speakers Program contains information on the various speakers offered through the Foundation, including William F. Buckley, Oliver North, Robert Novak, M. Stanton Evans, Michael Medved, Walter Williams, Ralph Reed, Dinesh D'Souza, and many more. These speakers have addressed thousands of students, bringing balance to hundreds of campuses all over the U. S.

Free.

The Conservative Guide to Campus Activism is the Foundation's "how-to" book written by successful campus activists such as author Dinesh D'Souza, Congressman Dana Rohrabacher and Foundation President Ron Robinson. It includes chapters on how to start a conservative newspaper, conduct speaking events, raise funds, defend your legal rights on campus, and more.

$10.00



To order, return this coupon to:

Young America's Foundation

F. M. Kirby Freedom Center, 110 Elden Street, Herndon, Virginia 20170

Check the items you wish to order:

____ *Campus Activism* ($10.00) ____ *Libertas* (Free)

____ *Campus Leader* (Free to students) ____ *Speakers Program* (Free)

Enclosed is $_____ (for *Campus Activism* only). Please send publications to:

Name _____ School (*if applicable*) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____ Email _____

F. M. Kirby Freedom Center
110 Elden Street
Herndon, Virginia 20170
703 318-9608
800-292-9231 toll free
www.yaf.org

The Reagan Ranch
812 B Anacapa Street
Santa Barbara, CA 93101
805-957-1980
877-797-7325 toll free
www.reaganranch.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

■ NOTES & ASIDES ■

■ Memo to: WFB
From: Ed [Capano]

Did you see this? From Brent Bozell's Media Research Center. The awards were presented in a ceremony at the Monarch hotel in Washington, D.C., the evening of December 9 . . . some memorable winners here.

MEDIA RESEARCH CENTER *DISHONORS* AWARDS
The Decade's Most Outrageous Liberal Media Bias

How Do I Hate the Gipper? Let Me Count the Ways Award (presented by radio talk-show host Michael Reagan, on behalf of his father, the former president):

"In the plague years of the 1980s—that low decade of denial, indifference, hostility, opportunism, and idiocy—government fiddled, medicine diddled, and the media were silent or hysterical. A gerontocratic Ronald Reagan took this [AIDS] plague less seriously than Gerald Ford had taken swine flu. After all, he didn't need the ghettos and he didn't want the gays." —*CBS* Sunday Morning *TV critic John Leonard, Sept. 5, 1993* (accepting for Mr. Leonard: former Reagan administration attorney general Ed Meese)

Presidential Kneepad Award (for Best Lewinsky Impression) (presented by syndicated columnist Cal Thomas):

"I would be happy to give him [Clinton] a blow job just to thank him for keeping abortion legal. I think American women should be lining up with their presidential kneepads on to show their gratitude for keeping the theocracy off our backs." —Time *contributor and former reporter Nina Burleigh, recalling what she told the* Washington Post*'s Howard Kurtz about her feeling toward Bill Clinton, as recounted by Burleigh in the* New York Observer, *July 20, 1998* (accepting for Ms. Burleigh: *Wall Street Journal* editorial-board member John Fund)

Damn Every Conservative We Can Think of to Hell Award (presented by NR publisher Ed Capano):

"The bombing in Oklahoma City has focused renewed attention on the rhetoric that's been coming from the right and those who cater to angry white men. While no one's suggesting right-wing radio jocks approve of violence, the extent to which their approach fosters violence is being questioned by many observers, including the president. . . . Right-wing talk-show hosts like Rush Limbaugh, Bob Grant, Oliver North, G. Gordon Liddy, Michael Reagan, and others take to the air every day with basically the same format: detail a problem, blame the government or a group, and invite invective from like-minded people. Never do most of the radio hosts encourage outright violence, but the extent to which their attitudes may embolden and encourage some extremists has clearly become an issue." —Today *co-host Bryant Gumbel, April 25, 1995* (accepting for Mr. Gumbel: radio talk-show host Ollie North)

I'm a Compassionate Liberal But I Wish You Were Dead Award (for Media Hate of Conservatives) (presented by Ed Capano):

"I hope his wife feeds him lots of eggs and butter and he dies early like many black men do, of heart disease. . . . He is an absolutely reprehensible person." —USA Today *columnist and Pacifica Radio talk-show host Julianne Malveaux on Justice Clarence Thomas on PBS*'s To the Contrary, *Nov. 4, 1994* (accepting for Ms. Malveaux: Supreme Court justice Clarence Thomas)

Politics of Meaninglessness Award for the Wackiest Analysis (presented by Michael Reagan):

"He [Ted Kaczynski] wasn't a hypocrite. He lived as he wrote. His manifesto, and there are a lot of things in it that I would agree with and a lot of other people would, that industrialization and pollution are all terrible things, but he carried it to an extreme, and obviously murder is something that is far beyond any political philosophy, but he had a bike. He didn't have any plumbing, he didn't have any electricity." —Time *Washington reporter Elaine Shannon, talking about the Unabomber on C-SPAN*'s Sunday Journal, *April 7, 1996* (accepting for Ms. Shannon: former Reagan adviser Lyn Nofziger)

Corporal Cueball Carville Cadet Award (for Impugning the Character of Clinton's Adversaries) (presented by Cal Thomas):

"Yes, the case is being fomented by right-wing nuts, and yes, she is not a very credible witness, and it's really not a law case at all . . . some sleazy woman with big hair coming out of the trailer parks . . . I think she's a dubious witness, I really do." —Newsweek *Washington Bureau Chief Evan Thomas on Paula Jones,* Inside Washington, *May 7, 1994* (accepting for Mr. Thomas: *American Spectator* editor-in-chief R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr.)

Ed: Thanks. We used to have an editorial feature in NATIONAL REVIEW under the title "Voices of Moderation." The voices live on.

Ever, Bill

—WFB

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Acton Institute
American Association of Christian Schools
American Conservative Union
American Legislative Exchange Council
Americans for Tax Reform
Ashbrook Center for Public Affairs
The Bradley Foundation
Capital Research Center
Christian Coalition
Citizens Against Government Waste
Claremont Institute
Concerned Women for America
Commonwealth Foundation
CPAC 2000
Family Research Council
Federalist Digest
The Federalist Society
Thomas B. Fordham Foundation
Freedom Network
Friedman Foundation
Frontiers of Freedom Institute
Greening Earth Society
Galen Institute
The Heritage Foundation
Human Life Review
Insight Magazine
Institute for Policy Innovation
Intercollegiate Studies Institute
Justice Fellowship
Landmark Legal Foundation
Leadership Institute
Lone Star Report
Luce Policy Institute
Media Research Center
National Review
National Right To Work
National Taxpayers Union
National Wilderness Institute
Of the People
Oliver North Radio Show
Pacific Research Institute
The Philadelphia Society
Pioneer Institute
PrimaryScoop.com
Texas Public Policy Foundation
Traditional Values Coalition
Washington Times Weekly Edition
Weekly Standard
The World & I
Young America's Foundation

townhall .com

CONSERVATIVE NEWS AND INFORMATION

The conservative movement.

All in one place.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Farewell to *FIRING LINE*

CAN you remember a time before *Firing Line*? If so, then you can remember . . . a fair amount. The show was born in 1966, fathered by William F. Buckley Jr., who has fathered so much. It taped its final program on December 14, 1999. Television will not be the same without it. It will be worse.

Mr. Buckley has said that he is quitting now because "I don't want to die onstage"—which raises the question, When is Buckley not onstage? On *Firing Line*, he has hosted, prodded, jousted with just about everyone of public consequence over three decades. Presidents, prime ministers, and monarchs have been there, as have poets, musicians, scientists, and athletes. One could have learned about the world from *Firing Line*; and, of course, many of us did.

One feature of the enterprise was the two-hour debate, in which two teams—the correct team, led by Mr. Buckley, and the other team, led by someone else—argued formally over the most pressing issues of the day. They had designations such as, "RESOLVED: The Women's Movement Has Been Disastrous," and, "RESOLVED: The Marketplace Is Not a Social Enemy," and, "RESOLVED: Political Correctness Is a Menace and a Bore."

The final such debate took place on December 3, at the University of Mississippi. Its topic: whether commerce over the Internet should be taxed. As the moderator, Michael Kinsley, observed, the *Firing Line* debates went out "on a nicely forward-looking note."

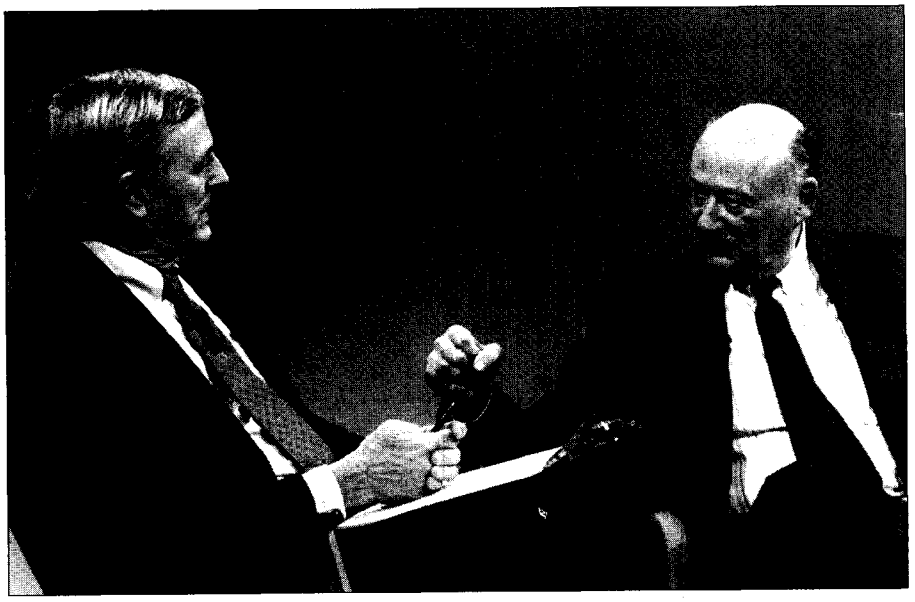
At the airport that morning in New York, Mr. Buckley was greeted by his pilot, who, it transpired, had named his beloved dog (recently departed) Blackford Oakes, after the protagonist of the Buckley spy novels. Later, the creator of the fictional Blackford signed a painting of the canine Blackford—and this sort of thing happens to Bill Buckley, not once in a blue moon, but more like all the time.

On touching down in Mississippi, Mr. Buckley was met by cordial representatives of the university and driven to the

C. M. "Tad" Smith Coliseum, where the action would take place. The first order of business was the taping of a regular, half-hour version of *Firing Line*, in which Buckley questioned a dozen public-minded students of the university, and was in turn questioned by them. Shortly before the show, he wondered whether to change out of his (informal) khaki pants and into his (more formal) gray ones. "No reason you can't wear the khakis," advised Warren Steibel, producer of *Firing Line*, "because you'll be sitting down." "But," chimed in one of the university representatives, ever-helpful, "I'd zip up first." Replied Buckley: "You have to zip up here at Ole Miss? What a conservative university."

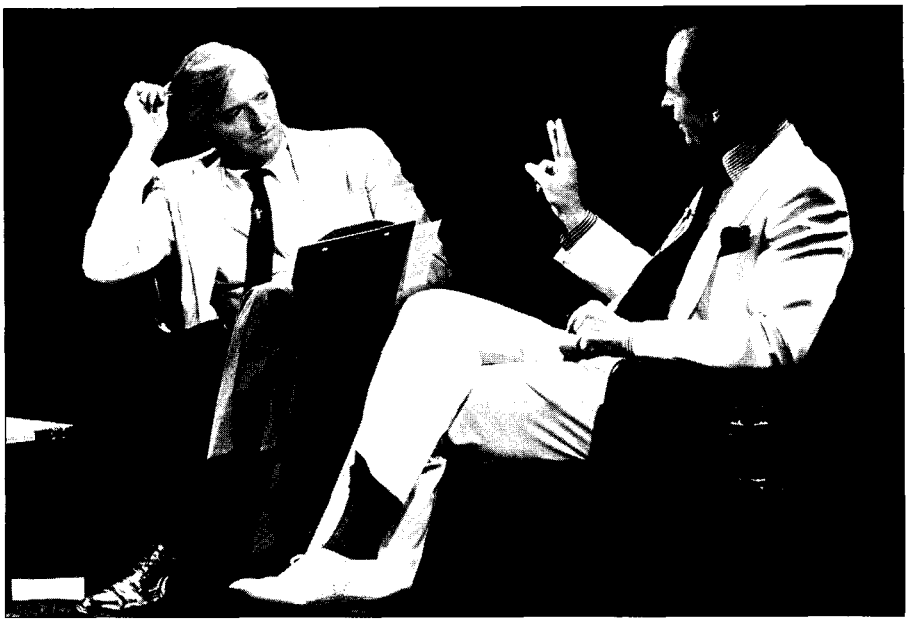
The debate over e-commerce was staged that evening. It was preceded by the showing of a 15-minute film of *Firing Line* highlights put together by the Museum of Television & Radio in New York. These clips featured, among other figures, Richard Nixon, in 1967, sweating freely (not much had changed since 1960); Vice President Ford, anticipating his own assumption of the presidency; Allen Ginsberg, performing a (lengthy) Hare Krishna chant (Buckley: "That was the most unharried Krishna I ever heard"); Mother Teresa, discussing material and spiritual poverty; and Muhammad Ali, who, for once, had met a mouth at least the equal of his.

When the lights came back on, Robert Khayat, chancellor of the university, conducted a brief ceremony. Chancellor Khayat must be the only university head in the country to have a) played in the National Football League and b) dated, not one, but two



WFB and former New York City mayor Ed Koch in December 1995

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



With Tom Wolfe in July 1975

Miss Americas while in college—distinction enough for one lifetime. He presented Mr. Steibel with a pair of bookends and Mr. Buckley with a framed arrangement of a clipboard, pen, and stopwatch—tools of the *Firing Line* trade.

Then it was Michael Kinsley's turn. "Welcome," he said, "to William F. Buckley Jr.'s Farewell Tour." Buckley, he continued, was "hanging up his tongue," meaning that, among other things, "liberals can rest easy again." On Mr. Buckley's team—against taxation of the Internet—was Jack Kemp, Sen. Ron Wyden (D., Ore.), and Kenneth Blackwell, Ohio's secretary of state. The other side was led by the journalist Robert Kuttner, who was joined by Mayor Ron Kirk of Dallas, Prof. William Fox of the University of Tennessee, and Christopher Hitchens, the both easygoing and vitriolic English controversialist.

Buckley closed the affair with a plea to the country to "stay out of the way" of something so marvelous and health-giving as the Internet. Afterward, he was thronged by his audience, many of whom clutched some of the 40-odd books that Buckley has published in the course of a prodigious career.

The very last *Firing Line*—the final half-hour—was taped in New York eleven days later, on what should be known as Black Tuesday. The host had with him a clutch of conservatives—Bill Kristol of *The Weekly Standard*, Peter Robinson of the Hoover Institution's public-affairs show, *Uncommon Knowledge*, and Rich Lowry and Richard Brookhiser of NATIONAL REVIEW—and a pair from the other side—Michael Kinsley and Mark Green, the gifted politician-gadfly who threatens to become mayor of New York should Rudolph Giuliani win a Senate seat. The panel considered such weighty questions as the future of television, the merits of New York versus Washington, and the triumph of the Playboy Philosophy.

That evening, a gala was held at the Museum of Television & Radio, maker of the highlights film. Only a small percentage of Mr. Buckley's family and friends were there, as Madison Square Garden was unavailable. A lineup of talented talkers made speeches and toasts, beginning with Mr. Kinsley, who introduced himself as "the Ed McMahon to Bill's Johnny Carson." Alistair Cooke was to follow, but he was sick in bed. In his place was Tom Wolfe, who recalled the very first *Firing Line*, whose guest was Norman Thomas, the Socialist leader, then very old, and blind. He also remembered the time that Jack Kerouac appeared on the show, too drunk to do anything but . . . sing. "The magic of Bill on *Firing Line*," remarked Mr. Wolfe, "was that he always brought out the personalities of his guests."

Ira Glasser, genial boss of the ACLU, told of introducing Mr. Buckley to the national pastime, baseball. At Opening Day this year, Buckley ran into trouble buying beer: He was asked to present I.D. Mr. Glasser suggested that Buckley should have called in the ACLU, as a defense against this assault on his privacy. Jeff Greenfield, the television journalist, was detained in Los Angeles, but he delivered his remarks by videotape. Their close: "With apologies to my friends at the ACLU, God bless you."

Toward the end of the evening, Mr. Kinsley offered a final, magnificently graceful toast to Warren Steibel, in which he pointed out that the celebration was as much a Steibel celebration as a Buckley one. Morley Safer, another man who knows a thing or two about television, noted that "television years" were similar to dog years—the ratio was about 7 to 1. By that reckoning, *Firing Line* was something like 230 years old.

Mr. Buckley, speaking last, registered a crush of expressions of gratitude—his specialty, if he can be said to have one. He concluded his remarks by recalling the time that Harold Macmillan, the former prime minister of Britain, appeared

RESOLVED: That the Senate should ratify the Panama Canal treaties, 1978

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Offstage with Henry Kissinger, July 1982

on *Firing Line*. About 45 minutes into the (hour) program, Macmillan inquired of his host, "Isn't this show over yet?"

The show, said Mr. Buckley, was now—after 33 years—over.

But there was more. To top off the evening, Ted Koppel of ABC aired an industriously researched program on Buckley, commenting on his life as a sailor, a musician, and a novelist. He also recorded testimonials by such friends as Osborne Elliott and Mike Wallace. The portrait concluded with an interview in which Mr. Koppel gently upbraided Buckley for saying, concerning the future, that there were no "chiliastic clouds in sight." Asked Mr. Koppel, "What's *chiliastic*, and why do you use such unusual words?" Buckley explained (*chiliastic* has to do with the Second Coming of Christ) and begged leave to use the word "crucible" to describe his (pleasant) time with Mr. Koppel. The host said okay—*crucible* was a common enough word. Buckley looked pleased.

In its long life, *Firing Line* won an Emmy, and, of course, so much more. Bill Buckley was a one-man antidote to a media condition that opposed him and the beliefs he embodied. Each installment of his show began and ended with Bach. That music, which has lasted so long, will go on; and so, we can be assured—forgive the exalted tone—will Buckleyan truths. After all, how can anything that good ever end?

—JAY NORDLINGER

It is no accident, comrade (as the Marxists used to say, before they went to earth in the Modern Language Association), that conservatism's long march through the institutions (to borrow another formulation from the formulaic Left) began at about the time television began to permeate the Republic. By 1966, Bill Buckley was ready to rescue television from its monochrome condition. In a sense, the arrival of *Firing Line* was the beginning of color television. Try to imagine television in the last 33 years without Bill.

The worst feature of television generally is its incontinent thirst for novelty, its tendency quickly to wring the life out of a subject, a show, a person. Of course, there are some notable exceptions. Lucy was on the air for 21 years, M*A*S*H for 11, *Cheers* for 11, *The Cosby Show* for 8, *Seinfeld* for 8. Johnny Carson presided over *The Tonight Show* for 30 years, three fewer than Bill hosted *Firing Line*.

The worst feature about television journalism is that it is the slave of an inherently superficial news-gathering instrument, a camera, which makes television allergic to conversation or any other form of extended discourse. That is why most Americans watch umpteen gazillion hours of television in their lives without *ever* seeing anything remotely like a conversation or a protracted, rigorous argument. They see only monologues and interrogations. Which is why *Firing Line*, an oasis of well-used language, lasted, and will be much missed.

I have been appearing on Sunday-morning interview programs since 1973, and have been a regular on one such since 1981. But the most fun I ever had on television was my one appearance on *Firing Line*.

It was January 1978, on the campus of the University of South Carolina, "in the round" in the Longstreet Theater (the name of which may yet be expunged when the cultural cleansers get around to scrubbing away the last reminders of things Confederate). The subject was whether the United States was right to put in place a policy that would lead to relinquishing control of the Panama Canal.

For the affirmative: Bill, James Burnham, Adm. Elmo Zumwalt, and me. For the negative: Ronald Reagan, Pat Buchanan, Roger Fontaine, and Adm. John McCain Jr. (father of the Arizona senator). I do not remember the details, but Bill's side must have won decisively, because no one on the other side was ever heard from again.

Today there is saturation journalism, or what passes for journalism in an era of madly proliferating media outlets ravenous for talking heads. Of course, this means that ours is the Golden Age for Gresham's Law: The bad is driving out the good. And at this moment, the best of the good, *Firing Line*, leaves us. Say it ain't so.

But look at the intellectual landscape it and its host leave behind. When *Firing Line* began, it was to television what Israel is to the Middle East—an embattled salient of civilized values in an inhospitable region. Today conservatives do not face insuperable obstacles to getting time on television. The uncomfortable aspect of this new condition is that conservatism's problems are largely the fault of conservatives. They can no longer just blame lack of access to the public mind.

The good news is that rising generations of conservatives, looking for instruction on how to make the most of the medium, need only consult the archives of *Firing Line*.

—GEORGE F. WILL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

■ POLICY & POLITICS ■

After Seattle

The new politics of trade

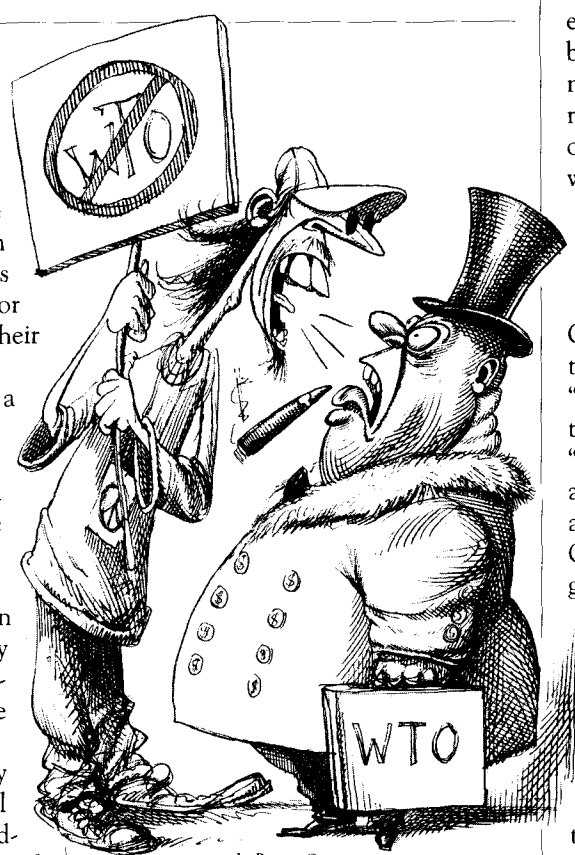
RAMESH PONNURU

THE vandals and the rioters may have broken a few windows, but it was the Democratic party that sustained the most damage during the fiasco of the World Trade Organization summit in Seattle. The Clinton administration's strategy on trade has been shattered—and in this failure lies an opportunity for Republicans, if they can overcome their own confusions.

President Clinton had relied on a coalition of Republicans and moderate Democrats to pass NAFTA and the bill creating the WTO. But in 1997, that coalition proved unable to get him congressional authorization to negotiate trade deals. Since then, Clinton has tried to win Democratic support for trade by promising to link trade deals to international standards on labor and the environment.

Earlier this year, the strategy appeared to be working: An official business-labor advisory board, including the presidents of the AFL-CIO and the Chamber of Commerce, had endorsed the administration's position. Then John Sweeney, the AFL-CIO head, started taking flak from the Teamsters and the United Auto Workers. In mid November, Sweeney issued a "clarifying" statement explaining that he was endorsing only the labor standards, not trade liberalization. Ed Kilgore, policy director of the Democratic Leadership Council and a supporter of Clinton's basic strategy, says, "The minute we saw that statement, we knew it was over in terms of any new consensus on Democratic-party trade policy for the time being."

The ruckus in Seattle merely confirmed what had been evident to anyone who has been paying attention to the Left in the '90s: Opposition to free trade has become one of its primary commitments. A lot of the commentary on Seattle has suggested that the protests reflected public anxieties about trade. But the American public isn't exercised about the WTO; most Americans don't know what the WTO is. And while some influential figures associated with the Right oppose free trade, the protesters weren't from the Eagle Forum either. Those were left-wing activists on the streets, by and large.



by Roman Genn

The activists' protectionism is hard to square with the Left's historic internationalism, but they try. They're for free trade, they say; we just need a global New Deal first. Competition is great—as long as nobody competes on the basis of wages and other costs. But the Left hasn't gone nationalist either. It may sometimes use the rhetoric of sovereignty to attract conservatives, but it wants to expand the powers of the WTO over labor and the environment. What the activists actually want is government at every level, which is not surprising since, for one thing, so many of their groups get government funding.

Trade has become a vital issue to leftists because they believe that free trade explains their dwindling power over the economy. When corporations can cross borders, unions and governments can no longer shackle them. Leftists must restrict trade if they are to achieve their overall economic objectives. More soft words from Clinton won't assuage them. Neither will the greater "openness" in the WTO that so many pundits have called for in the wake of Seattle.

What wrecked the conference was Clinton's attempts to appease the protectionists. His demand to create a "labor working group" was widely seen to be a first step toward punishing "unfair labor practices." Of course, it is already permissible under the WTO to apply sanctions against slave labor. Other labor abuses have to be distinguished from practices that merely offend the sensibilities of comfortable Westerners but are necessary for the subsistence of poor countries, including relatively harsh working conditions and low pay. Actual abuses could be tackled in a variety of ways, including boycotts. But, if labor practices were included in trade talks, "abuses" would get attention only when sanctions helped companies in rich countries fend off competition from poor countries. The poor countries weren't about to accede to Clinton's demand.

In addition, Clinton refused to discuss the dubious "anti-dumping" laws America and Europe have used against poor countries for selling products too cheaply. Nor was he willing to talk about America's protection of textiles. "Not a single U.S. protectionist policy of note was on the table," says Brink Lindsey, a trade-policy analyst at the Cato Institute. America, the motor of trade liberalization since the Great Depression, was slamming on the brakes.

With the exception of George W. Bush, Republicans have hardly been rushing to take the wheel. During the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

presidential debates, Gary Bauer and Alan Keyes have argued over who detests the WTO more. Even some conservative pundits who favor free trade have stooped to a little WTO-bashing.

Some Republicans politicians are just pandering to protectionists (and with little political payoff to show for it). But there is also real concern on the right over the the threat to sovereignty the WTO is said to represent. This concern is magnified by the tendency of some free-traders, especially liberal free-traders, to applaud the loss or "pooling" of sovereignty.

But the WTO is not so much a threat to sovereignty as a forum for its exercise; it's more like NATO than like the European Union. The WTO—unlike, say, the international commissions proposed under the Kyoto global-warming accord, which really do threaten sovereignty—has no power to change or overrule American law. It has zero jurisdiction over American individuals or firms.

The WTO is not so much a threat to sovereignty as a forum for its exercise; it's more like NATO than like the EU.

If an American policy is held to violate free-trade rules—if it is found, for instance, that we are applying an environmental law in a discriminatory manner against foreign producers—the WTO "authorizes" the complaining country to levy sanctions against us. But the complaining country could do that anyway, with or without the WTO. The organization isn't capable of doing anything to us. All it does is act as a nonbinding arbitrator. As Cornell University law professor Jeremy Rabkin points out in *Why Sovereignty Matters*, the submission of disputes to international arbitrators has been an accepted feature of American policy since the 1790s, when the Jay Treaty used such arbitration to handle property disputes arising from the Revolution. And if the WTO tried to assume vast new powers, the U.S. could always leave.

As it stands, liberal free-traders are gravitating toward the view that the WTO *should* assume vast new powers. They argue that conservatives ought to accept the creation of international standards on labor and the environment as the price of winning support for free trade. Some businessmen will find this argument persuasive; witness the Chamber of Commerce's endorsement of a labor working group. But the Chamber's strategy failed.

There's every reason to think it would continue to fail if followed. The strategy, after all, amounts to conceding that trade is a destructive force, and then proposing plainly inadequate solutions. Such solutions won't appease the Left, and they'll lose conservative votes in Congress. "It's just pathetically naïve for the business community to think that they can outmaneuver these guys," says Lindsey. "If they concede the principle, there is no way they are going to win tactically through fancy footwork—as evidenced by what's happened."

The alternative? To argue unapologetically for free trade. Clinton, certainly, has failed to do that; in Seattle, his rhetoric was at times indistinguishable from that of the window-smashers. Ironically, one reason the pro-trade argument is seldom heard is the structure of the WTO itself. Some free-traders believe that it would actually be easier to generate support for free trade if we didn't ask other countries to lower their trade barriers in return.

The Cato Institute makes a strong argument for this view. Unilateral free trade wouldn't require international organizations and thus wouldn't raise fears about sovereignty. Also, trade negotiations naturally lead to an anti-trade rhetoric. Cutting tariffs becomes a "concession" made to other countries rather than a tax break for ourselves. Both sides of the NAFTA debate spoke as though exports were good and imports bad; they differed merely in their predictions of how the agreement would affect exports and imports. Our trade debate, in Brink Lindsey's formulation, pits "optimistic mercantilists" against "pessimistic mercantilists."

Republicans can change the terms of that debate. They have good reasons to talk about trade next year. It divides the Democrats in Congress far more than it does themselves. Such opposition to the WTO as exists among conservatives is based mainly on confusion about sovereignty. The Left's opposition is deeper, as will probably be shown in votes next spring on the continuation of American membership in the WTO and the lowering of trade barriers on Chinese products. Two wins for free trade will demoralize the unions and cement support for Republicans among businessmen (especially high-tech businessmen).

The Republican frontrunners for president, Bush and John McCain, are both strong free-traders. But so far, only Bush has made an issue of Clinton's failure in Seattle. It's important to signal to the rest of the world that America is not drifting away from its postwar role in fostering free trade. It has played that role because strong presidents have forced congressmen beholden to local, protectionist interests to look to the national interest instead.

Protectionist periods tend to be periods of presidential weakness. In 1987-88, when the Reagan administration was crippled by Iran-contra, Dick Gephardt passed a bill to strengthen our retaliatory trade sanctions and ran for president on trade. Clinton, with his heir apparent now facing a serious primary challenge, is too weak to stand up to the left wing of his party. Republicans ought to point that out, and to challenge Clinton and Gore to make next year's scheduled WTO talks a success.

Presidential weakness isn't the only political obstacle to free trade. Though free trade has contributed mightily to our prosperity, protectionism is always tempting to politicians, because its benefits are concentrated and its costs, though far greater, are diffused. There are of course powerful business lobbies in favor of free trade (as there are business lobbies for specific protectionist measures). But the few efforts pro-trade groups have made to explain the benefits of free trade have been painfully inept. You might think, too, that workers in export industries would become a pro-trade constituency; but that doesn't seem to have happened.

For free trade to prevail, what's needed is a mass constituency with a direct interest in the performance of the whole economy—which is one more reason believers in free markets ought to be organizing the new investor class. **NR**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

■ CAMPAIGN 2000 ■

A Rake's Progress

Donald Trump in action

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

WATCHING Donald Trump on television, I find myself mentally translating all his remarks into cockney. He has exactly the same chipper, cheerful, winking vulgarity in which working-class Londoners specialize. He resembles one cockney in particular—namely Alfie, in the 1960s film of the same name, as played by Michael Caine.

Alfie, you may remember, is a breezy chauffeur who uses the prestige of the Rolls-Royce he drives to "pull the birds." In the course of the film he pulls about six birds, from Jane Asher to Shelley Winters. And though pulling them necessarily requires some insincere sweet-talking, Alfie plays more or less fair and never tells a bird he loves her. To the rest of us, moreover, he is astoundingly frank, giving us a crash course in seduction via asides worthy of Restoration Comedy—pointing out how to tell when a bird is getting too serious (she sighs a lot) and why it is important to avoid meeting a married bird's husband (he will probably turn out to be a decent bloke and you'll feel guilty).

Donald Trump has something of this easy directness. He will discuss the birds without any of the polite restraints that either modesty or political correctness imposes on the rest of us. On *The Howard Stern Show*, for instance, he and the tribune of the yobs held a frank discussion of his relationship with the Slovenian "supermodel" Melania Knauss that was remarkable for its genially brutal lasciviousness:

Stern: "Which is better, like being alone with her and bangin' her, or is it better to like just put her in a bikini and put her out on a beach somewhere and sit next to her?"

Trump: "I think all of the above."

Stern: "Really? No, but, I mean, I would think—you go to like hot resorts, right? You know what I mean? Like warm-weather? And she'll put on what? Like a thong and a little top?"

Trump: "Very small thong. . . . Well, y'know, you look, Howard, you look and you say, "How can something be so beautiful?" . . . This is a beautiful woman. . . . For a presidential candidate—I'll tell you this, for a presidential candidate, I have the best time."

Yes, let's face it, Bush, McCain, Forbes, Bauer, and even Al (stands for Alpha Male) Gore—they're just not getting enough. Pathetic.

Compared to the Trump-Stern exchange—which suffers from the absence of a typeface to suggest heavy breathing—Alfie comes off reasonably well. After all, he pays some attention to female psychology, and he is interested in the girls for their own sake, not in order to make other men feel envious. Trump seems to have caught a venereal disease—not, as a wag has said, "from himself"—but from the late Roger Vadim, the '60s film director whose principal innovation was casting his various wives and girlfriends (Brigitte Bardot, Annette Stroyberg, Jane Fonda) in parts where they had to take off their clothes. This made him greatly envied by adolescents of all ages, but then Vadim wasn't running for office.

And maybe Trump isn't running for office either. Or, since he lacks the envy-rousing resources available to a film director, maybe he is pretending to run for office so that he can draw more attention to the class of bird he is pulling these days. Miss Knauss has just appeared in British GQ magazine (and the *Sun* newspaper), photographed on the Trump jet but without her stewardess's uniform. It's not *Playboy*, but she'll get Howard's vote any time.

Alfie, as I wrote above, never told a girl he loved her. Nor, however, did he go out of his way to tell her he didn't. "The Donald," though, makes matters brutally clear, telling an audience in front of Miss Knauss that one of his rules in life is "Always have a pre-nup."

This is romance written by Thomas Hobbes—solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and generally short. Trump's cheerful breeziness may disguise the cold-heartedness at the core of his romantic impulses, but he is as candid about selfishness as about sex. Thus, the *Portland Press Herald* may have thought it was putting him on the spot when its reporter asked: "When it comes to family values, what counts most—love or money?" But Trump was unfazed: "Often I will tell friends whose wives are constantly nagging them about this or that that they're better off leaving and cutting their losses. I'm not a great believer in always trying to work things out, because it just doesn't happen that way . . ."

Melania has been warned.

Trump cannot, of course, concentrate on sex the entire time. Every now and then he has to say and do the things that regular presidential candidates do—make speeches, meet potential donors, sketch out his policies for the curious. Some of his views are reasonable enough—he favors missile defense against rogue states, thinks Ronald Reagan was a good president, and so on. Most of the time, however, the effect is unintentionally comic. Thus, when Trump was asked to suggest who might serve as his veep or in his cabinet, he listed Oprah, Colin Powell, General

If you think he's the man with the plan, you'll want to be the first to know when he has one.

Follow the campaign @ georgewbushdaily.com. It's free!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Electric's Jack Welch, John McCain, Robert Rubin, and Charlie Rangel—a list that sounds more like the guest-list for David Letterman or Jay Leno than any real-world cabinet.

Similarly, Trump is supposed to know something about money and justifies his presidential aspirations by his financial success as a New York real-estate developer and Atlantic City casino owner. But when he floated his proposal for a one-time "wealth tax" of 14.25 percent on all fortunes above $10 million, his claim that this would raise $5.7 trillion (enough to pay off the national debt) was cut to pieces by Bruce Bartlett in the *Wall Street Journal*. Bartlett pointed out that a confiscatory tax rate of 38 percent would be needed to raise revenue of that order, and that even such a rate would fail as taxpayers gave away money to stay below the $10 million threshold and the stock market crashed under the impact of people selling shares to meet their tax bills. Not long afterwards Trump criticized Democratic presidential aspirant Bill Bradley as "a Marxist." But it looked more like a frantic attempt to reestablish his own capitalist credentials than a McCarthyite smear.

It looks as if, in any fair race, The Donald would be an also-ran.

If there is a political theme that distinguishes Trump from the other candidates, it is the hoary old theory that a successful businessman will succeed where the place-servers of politics have failed. Certainly, Trump has genuine business ability. Though he inherited his initial fortune, he has since multiplied it many times over in real-estate deals (with the help of generous tax abatements, it must be said, provided by politicians). But business and politics are not the same activity. And when Trump is asked to explain exactly how he will cut the deficit, cut taxes, improve America's standing abroad, and so on, he becomes strangely vague and inarticulate. He will overcome gridlock, he says, "by ideas and by doing the right thing." How will he change things? "Well, the only strategy is, I'll be on television a lot. I'll be expressing my views. I'll be explaining that I don't want foreign countries ripping off the U.S. . . ."

No change at all there; Trump has been on television expressing his views along these lines twice nightly for some time. The change is, that in a recent *Los Angeles Times* poll of Reform-party supporters, he scored 14 percent, as against Ross Perot's 25 percent, Jesse Ventura's 20 percent, and 30 percent for Pat Buchanan, whom Trump denounces at every opportunity as a "racist," a Hitler admirer, and—worst of all—a "loser." It looks as if, in any fair race, The Donald would be an also-ran.

It is, of course, no disgrace to lose in a fair contest—unless you think that winning is all. At the end of *Alfie*, the Michael Caine cockney figure recognizes the bankruptcy of that philosophy. He has been given the push by Shelley Winters for a younger boy-toy. He has seen a quiet, shy loser marry a girl he abandoned and bring up a child Alfie may have fathered. He realizes that there is more to life than simply pulling the birds. There is, he says, self-respect—and if you haven't got that, you haven't got anything.

Donald Trump by Roman Genn

The Donald has too much self-esteem to bother with self-respect. Defeat might therefore be good for his soul—it would certainly be good for Melania's. Why do I feel he won't take the risk? **NR**

■ CAMPAIGN 2000 II ■

Trump's Top Op

The career of Roger Stone

JOHN J. MILLER

AT AGE 47, Roger Stone is already one of the great characters of Washington—a man who embodied the liberals' "decade of greed" talk in the 1980s, when his extensive Reagan-administration contacts helped him become one of the flashiest lobbyists in town. He was like a character in a Tom Wolfe novel, a D.C. master of the universe, who bragged about how much his suits cost and bopped around in a Jaguar (when he wasn't in his chauffeur-driven Mercedes). In 1985, *The New Republic* tagged him a "state-of-the-art sleazeball."

Stone is now working for billionaire presidential contender Donald J. Trump. Almost nobody in Washington takes Trump's candidacy seriously. They don't doubt he could win the Reform party nomination, but believe he won't even pursue it. And Trump's very lack of seriousness is symbolized by his choice of Stone as chief political adviser. If Trump really wants to be president, he might be wise to leave Stone at home.

It's not that Stone is ignorant of politics. In fact, he loved politics from a very early age. He says he read Barry Goldwater's *Conscience of a Conservative* when he was twelve. Even as an adolescent, he spent every free minute working on Republican campaigns in Connecticut and New York with his close friend, the late Republican opera-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive Terry Dolan. He had a particular taste for hijinks, as when he ran a candidate for lieutenant governor of Connecticut without the poor man's knowledge.

After high school, Stone enrolled at George Washington University and took an apprenticeship with Chuck Colson at the Nixon outfit, the Committee to Re-Elect the President (later known, not so affectionately, as CREEP). There, Stone adopted a pseudonym and wrote a check to Pete McCloskey, a Republican congressman from California who had been spending time in New Hampshire, thinking of challenging President Nixon. The check came from a group calling itself the Young Socialists Alliance. When it cleared the bank, Stone ran to the press to embarrass his target. "I did some things, in retrospect, which were in terribly poor judgment," he told the *Washington Post* in 1986. In 1974, he lost a job in Bob Dole's Senate office after Jack Anderson wrote a column pinning Stone as a "dirty trickster."

Throughout the 1970s, Stone was a committed Republican, and a fairly conservative one. When he married in 1974, he and his wife honeymooned at a GOP camp for teens where they were counselors. By 1976, Stone was devoting himself to the Reagan cause. "He fought and bled for Ronald Reagan that year," says Grover Norquist, a longtime GOP activist. "Working for Reagan in 1984 tells you nothing about a person, working for him in 1980 tells you something, and working for him in 1976 tells you everything. That's what true believers did." Four years later, Stone ran Reagan's campaign in the Northeast. Then it came time to cash in.

Stone says that Donald Trump was one of his first clients at the high-powered Black, Manafort, Stone & Kelly lobbying firm. "He was an early Reagan backer I got to know when I was organizing New York state," he says. "We became friendly." Stone has been on the Trump payroll for nearly 20 years.

Though he kept his hand in politics, nothing would ever top his efforts for Reagan, or even come close. In 1986, he made the mistake of calling Vice President Bush a "weenie" in *Time* magazine—a snub that has made it difficult for him in presidential-level GOP circles ever since. He worked for the short-lived candidacies of Jack Kemp in 1988 and Arlen Specter in 1996, and he played a part in a few state races. But he increasingly focused on his corporate clients. "I don't really consider myself a political consultant anymore," he now says.

■

Trump's is an odd platform, whose only theme may be that it polls well. Trump the man, on the other hand, doesn't.

■

He's doing plenty of political consulting at the moment, however. It's clear he has been thinking about Trump and the Y2K races for some time. He had encouraged New York radio personality Bob Grant to run for the Senate from New Jersey as an independent against the likely GOP nominee, Gov. Christine Todd Whitman. In September, Whitman backed out. Many in the state think that Grant scared her away—she didn't win a majority in either of her gubernatorial races, and Grant presumably would have peeled off a portion of the Republican base. The buzz among New Jersey Republicans is that Stone did Trump's bidding. The mogul has been furious with Whitman ever since she approved the use of state development funds to build a tunnel in Atlantic City that benefits Steve Wynn, one of Trump's casino rivals. There's no evidence that Trump asked Stone to help sic Grant on Whitman, and Stone calls the theory "a hell of a stretch." Others disagree.

Presidential politics, too, were on Stone's mind before Trump made noises. Last June, Stone asked Pat Buchanan's sister Bay for a meeting. They had worked together in 1990 during Bay's losing bid to become California state treasurer. Bay invited along their mutual friend Lyn Nofziger, who was supporting Pat's presidential ambitions at the time. Over lunch at The Palm in Washington, Stone was eager to discuss Buchanan's future—outside the GOP. "Roger suggested that Pat look at the Reform party because it has millions of dollars in matching funds available," recalls Nofziger. "Roger said he knew what to do to get the Reform nomination." Four months later, Buchanan did indeed bolt the GOP—but without Nofziger, who refused to abandon his party, and without Stone.

Stone says he was unaware that Trump harbored any interest in the presidency until just before Labor Day. Since then, he's served as Trump's number-one flack. "Trump is very conservative on many issues," he says, citing Trump's support of the Cuban embargo, school choice, and missile defense, as well as his opposition to gun control and public financing of campaigns. But Trump is also pro-choice on abortion, has proposed a one-time, massively confiscatory tax to pay off the federal debt, and favors a national health-care system. On a Trump visit to Florida in November, Stone told the Fort Lauderdale *Sun-Sentinel*, "We'll put out a health-care plan that will make Ted Kennedy blush."

Trump's is an odd platform, whose only theme may be that it polls well. Trump the man, on the other hand,

What better place to find out about Al Gore than on the Internet that he invented?

Follow the Tennessee Stud's campaign free @ algoredaily.com.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doesn't. In October, he cited the "unbelievable" polls he was seeing in support of his candidacy. Stone was later asked which polls Trump was referring to. "There was, as he has discussed, a survey of *National Enquirer* subscribers," he explained. "I know it's fashionable for the elites and the Washington insiders to scoff, but these people vote, too."

Donald Trump has put the odds that he'll run at 50–50. Stone says it may all depend on how the GOP and Democratic primaries shake out. "A Bush–Gore race makes it more likely he'll run because they're both establishment candidates," he says. That gives Trump a graceful exit in the event of an upset by John McCain or Bill Bradley. Barring that excuse, it will be hard not to conclude that Trump is Roger Stone's grandest prank of all. **NR**

■ CONGRESS ■

Chaplain in a Collar

A GOP–Catholic controversy

KATE O'BEIRNE

'CATHOLICISM and Republicanism are as plainly incompatible as oil and water," the *Chicago Press and Tribune* declared in 1860. Earlier this month, the GOP blew its chance to appoint the first Catholic chaplain in the history of the House of Representatives—and answered Democrats' prayers for a chance to reignite the historic tension between Catholics and the Republican party.

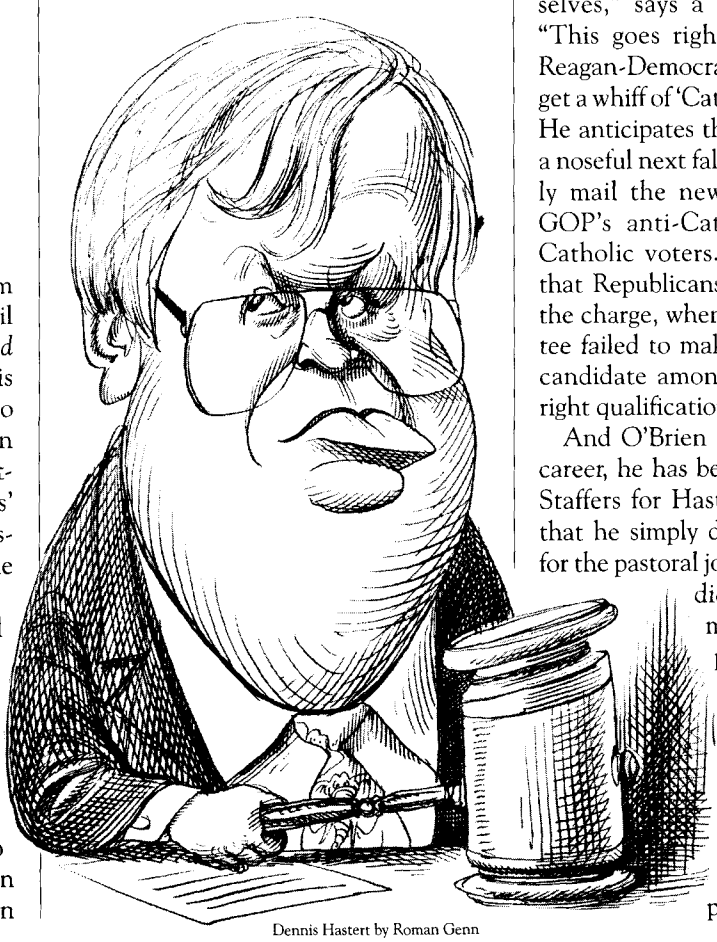
You can be sure the Democrats will exploit this issue to the full. But the fact is, the Republicans' rejection of a Catholic priest for the chaplaincy was the result of ineptitude, not intolerance.

When it fell to House Speaker Denny Hastert to name a successor to the retiring chaplain, he decided on an unprecedentedly bipartisan selection process. An 18-member committee, evenly divided between the parties, was formed to interview candidates and settle on three finalists. Hastert, majority leader Dick Armey, and minority leader Dick Gephardt would make the final decision.

The committee narrowed the field to six, then forwarded the top three candidates—without rankings—to the leadership.

Two of the three were Rev. Charles Wright, a Presbyterian minister associated with the National Prayer Breakfast, and Rev. Timothy O'Brien, a Catholic priest and Marquette University political science professor. The announcement that Wright had been selected as the new chaplain met with angry accusations of anti-Catholic bias from O'Brien and his Democratic supporters.

"I do believe that if I were not a Catholic priest I would be the House chaplain," O'Brien told the *New York Times*. Declared Rep. Anna Eshoo, a California Democrat, "As a member of the House and a member of the committee and as a Catholic, I'm offended and resentful."



Dennis Hastert by Roman Genn

In Wisconsin, the reaction in O'Brien's favor has been bipartisan: Rep. Jerry Kleczka, a Democrat for whom O'Brien once worked as an intern, blasted the GOP. And two of the state's Republican congressmen wrote Hastert to request that he reconsider the decision.

■

The Republicans' rejection of a Catholic priest for the House chaplaincy was the result of ineptitude, not intolerance.

■

In his *Washington Post* column, Mark Shields reported that many members "expressed the belief that the speaker had bowed to the demands of some in the Republican Party with a long-established hostility toward the Catholic Church." The Catholic News Service, which provides copy for about 170 diocesan newspapers, reported the story with a similar spin.

"This is a disaster, and we did it to ourselves," says a Republican strategist. "This goes right to the heart of the Reagan-Democrat base, who better not get a whiff of 'Catholics need not apply.'" He anticipates that they will indeed get a noseful next fall, as Democrats gleefully mail the news stories alleging the GOP's anti-Catholic bias to lists of Catholic voters. The strategist argues that Republicans set themselves up for the charge, when the selection committee failed to make sure that a Catholic candidate among the finalists had the right qualifications for the job.

And O'Brien didn't. For most of his career, he has been a political scientist. Staffers for Hastert and Armey report that he simply didn't interview as well for the pastoral job as the successful candidate did. But O'Brien made up for his lack of a pastoral background with his Washington experience: He waged an effective lobbying campaign for the position, in the process destroying the chances of another Catholic, a parish priest who had

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been endorsed for the post by Cardinal James Hickey of Washington. A GOP leadership source familiar with the selection process explained that the Republicans wanted a well-qualified Catholic finalist. The parish priest was briefly considered as a replacement for O'Brien on the short list—but it was thought inappropriate to reject outright the committee's recommendations.

On a secret ballot, O'Brien received more votes from the committee than the other candidates, and was backed by the committee's two co-chairmen. When Hastert and Armey informed Gephardt that they had settled on Wright, Gephardt said that he and his members favored O'Brien—but he acquiesced in the decision.

O'Brien's bitter complaints about Republican bias have sparked partisan rancor and confirm that the leadership made the right decision about his suitability for the post. But Democrats intent on labeling Republicans anti-Catholic point to the lack of sensitivity on the part of some GOP members during the selection committee's interviews. One Republican member appeared to question how a priest, without a family, could be a religious leader; nevertheless, O'Brien was his top choice. Rep. Steve Largent explains that his "curiosity" prompted his question to O'Brien about the protocol of wearing a collar in his House duties—a query that is now being used, says Largent, by those who want to "politicize" the controversy.

■

Democrats can be expected to add anti-Catholicism to their usual charges against Republicans.

■

Democrats can be expected to seize any opportunity to add anti-Catholicism to their usual charges against Republicans. Unfortunately for the GOP, even some of its own Catholic congressmen and staff members initially credited the accusations of anti-Catholic bias—and this points to a deeper problem: Despite their broad agreement on many policy issues, many evangelicals and Catholics remain mutually distrustful.

In an article in *Crisis* magazine last June, William McGurn noted the uneasy political alliance between Catholic and Protestant conservatives: "The truth is that for all the ecumenical strides by Catholics and evangelicals, the cultures do not mix . . . and Catholics perceive a still-extant anti-Catholicism. Indeed, many evangelicals find it hard to concede that Catholics are even Christian."

Crisis has conducted a comprehensive survey of the political attitudes of Catholics in order to explain their migration from the Democratic party to the Republican. The survey found that 34 percent of Catholics identify themselves as Democrats, but that only 21 percent of Catholics are reliable Democratic voters. Meanwhile, the 23 percent of Catholics who identify themselves as Republicans are reliable GOP voters. This is a key voting bloc for the GOP: Catholic swing voters provided the Republicans' margin of victory in 1994. Losing a significant number of these voters could prove crippling in a close election.

The Democrats will make an issue of Republicans' alleged blackballing of a Catholic priest in about a dozen competitive districts with significant Catholic populations and non-Catholic GOP incumbents (such as Nancy Johnson of Connecticut, Jim Nussle of Iowa, and Heather Wilson of New Mexico). In Pennsylvania's Tenth District, freshman Don Sherwood faces a rematch with Patrick Casey; a local editorial has already challenged the incumbent to protest the "institutional slur" Catholics have suffered at the hands of the GOP leadership.

Hastert and Armey have written to their Republican colleagues in defense of their choice for chaplain. The House is expected to approve the selection of Rev. Wright next month. Democrats, after all, have little interest in defeating Wright, because that would allow the Republicans to appoint a qualified Catholic chaplain—and thus defuse Catholic anger. Democrats typically preach the importance of not mixing religion and politics, but this temptation will undoubtedly prove too great to resist. NR

■ LATIN AMERICA ■

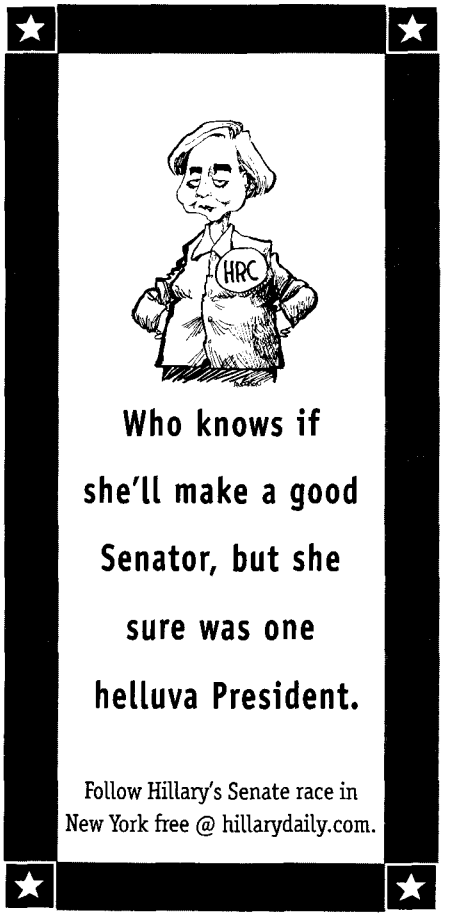
Men, Plans, a Canal

The next stage in Panama

ELLIOTT ABRAMS

THE close of this year will bring the full implementation of the Panama Canal treaties, and thus the end of America's military presence in Panama. It could not be happening at a worse moment.

The diplomats who negotiated the treaties—as well, of course, as the treaties' critics—worried about canal security. How would we stop Soviet-backed terrorists? What would happen if Sandinista- or Cuban-backed forces threatened the canal? The passage of time has eliminated some such threats


HRC
Who knows if she'll make a good Senator, but she sure was one helluva President.
Follow Hillary's Senate race in New York free @ hillarydaily.com.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and softened others. But the security situation has grown worse, not better: Panama and the entire Andean region now face a grave and increasing threat from violence in Colombia.

The basic facts are these: Colombia's guerrilla war is heating up. The guerrillas have over 20,000 men under arms, and they are well financed. In past decades, in order to stay afloat financially, the guerrillas robbed banks, held oil pipelines hostage, or kidnapped businessmen. These activities continue, but today they are in fat city. Some are engaged in the drug trade, while others get protection money from the drug traffickers. The result is the same: The guerrillas depend neither on outside aid (of the kind Communist regimes used to supply) nor on popular support, but on the drug trade.

That trade, like the guerrilla movement itself, is growing. Frustratingly, success in reducing coca-growing and -smuggling in Bolivia and Peru has led drug traffickers to seek greener pastures in Colombia. Last January, the U.S. drug office summed up the grim news: "Colombian coca cultivation increased by 28 percent in 1998. . . . Colombia is now the source of more than half of the world's coca. Virtually all the new growth occurred in areas under guerrilla or paramilitary control." In October there was yet more bad news: "Coca cultivation in [Colombia] has doubled in three years, and 80 percent of the cocaine reaching the U.S. originates from or transits through Colombia—as well as over half the heroin."

Colombia is a large country with large empty regions: It is twice the size of France, with only two-thirds of that nation's population. Because the population of 40 million is 75 percent urban, vast areas of Colombia are uninhabited—or are inhabited by guerrillas and beyond the reach of the state. This is especially true in border regions, and that means trouble for Colombia's neighbors. Already Peru (which has an 1,800-mile border with Colombia), Venezuela (a 1,300-mile border), and Ecuador (a 365-mile border) are beefing up their military deployments along their frontiers with Colombia. Brazil (which has a 1,000-mile border) seems to be relying on the Amazon as a buffer. And Panama? Its short border with Colombia (140 miles) cannot be patrolled by Panama's army—because it has no army. It has not had one since the U.S. invasion of 1989 and the rout of its "National Guard" (all the army it had). The Colombian guerrillas, needless to say, have noticed.

AP Wirephoto

The signing of the Panama Canal treaty, 1977

A debate on Colombia policy has begun in Washington, although this huge problem will probably be left to Bill Clinton's successor. A gaggle of top U.S. officials visited Colombia this year and endorsed the "Plan Colombia" developed by Andrés Pastrana, the Colombian president. But it has gone nowhere, and neither Pastrana nor we have a working policy. Pastrana restarted peace talks, as he had promised during his campaign in 1998, hoping to open the door to reconciliation. But as there is no effective military pressure on the guerrillas, they demurred and the talks are essentially stalled. Pastrana has no apparent Plan B, and neither do we: Congress did not appropriate extra funds for Colombia before adjourning, and we are doing little right now beyond wringing our hands. The next president will face a crisis in Colombia; he may even need to jump into its guerrilla war before the state collapses in the face of guerrilla advances.

The main question of our policy debate is whether to concentrate on a) the drug traffickers or b) the guerrillas. Clearly, Americans care more about stopping the drugs that are arriving on our shores; but Colombians seek peace above all, and an end to the extremely high levels of violence that plague their country. There has been a mismatch: We have been giving aid to the Colombian police, who go after traffickers, but very little to the military, who chase guerrillas. Among other reasons, we have been put off by the Colombian army's human-rights violations. But this may change. If a new Washington consensus concludes that defeating the traffickers requires drying up the sea of guerrillas in which they swim, more aid to the army may follow, including additional trainers and equipment. The debate on Colombia policy promises to be a hot one.

What if, by some miracle, we were to see real progress in Colombia? Sadly, success in fighting the guerrillas and squeezing the drug traffickers out of Colombia—farfetched, but not impossible—would only make more trouble for Colombia's neighbors. Just as the drug traffickers moved to Colombia after being pushed out of Peru and Bolivia, they are no doubt ready to decamp for Panama if the need arises. While that country was uninviting to them ten years ago, hosting as it did 10,000 American soldiers and many large bases equipped with the latest technology, as of December 1999 it must look like a treat. The Americans have left, but no Panamanian security force remotely able

Mr. Abrams, an NR contributing editor, is president of the Ethics and Public Policy Center. He served as assistant secretary of state for inter-American affairs in the Reagan administration.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to replace us has been created. The result is a security vacuum into which Colombians—traffickers and guerrillas alike—can move with alacrity.

Recently, some conservatives have become alarmed that a Hong Kong company, Hutchison Whampoa, will manage ports on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of Panama; but ships passing through the canal need not even dock at those ports. Tomorrow's real threat is not Chinese investors but well-armed Colombian criminals. They have every motive to damage the canal or to hold it hostage, just as they have besieged oil pipelines in Colombia.

■

Tomorrow's real threat is not Chinese investors but well-armed Colombian criminals.

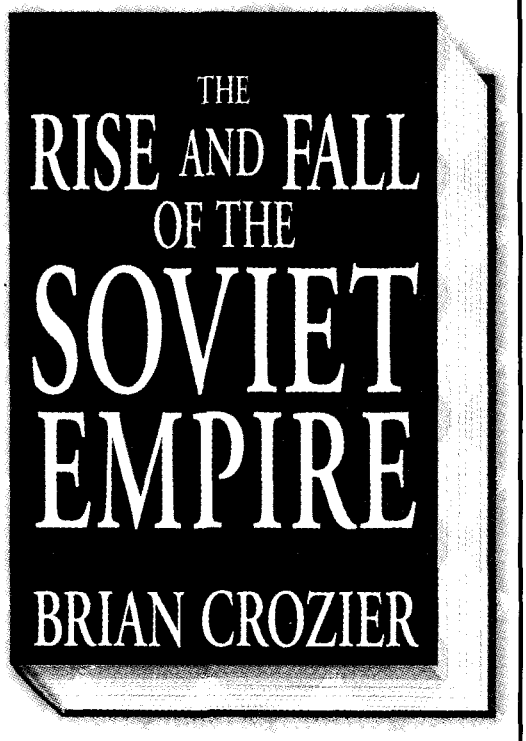
■

Panamanians and Americans alike may soon find themselves confronting a dangerous situation that calls for wide security cooperation. It will not help to refight the canal treaties, or to argue over who exactly should have seen that an American military presence was an important asset to Panama. The U.S. and Panama worked well together for decades, because we had a common interest in canal security. Now—despite the lowering of the Stars and Stripes—we have a common interest in Panamanian territorial security as well as canal security.

The treaties, then, have fulfilled everyone's predictions. Those who said the treaties would smooth relations with Latin America and help Panama achieve democracy were right. But those who said that a U.S. departure from Panama would create a huge hole in our security arrangements were right too. If drugs and violence from Colombia threaten to overwhelm Panama in coming years, don't be surprised to see the Panamanians pleading to Washington for more help. Don't be shocked either to see American soldiers down there again—always "temporarily," of course, so that no one has to admit that their departure at the end of 1999 was a big mistake. **NR**

"Brian Crozier's definitive history of the Soviet Empire is a chilling account of an ideology that haunted our century."
—HENRY KISSINGER

"**Brian Crozier has for many years been one of the foremost authorities on the reality and methods of communism.** In *The Rise and Fall of the Soviet Empire,* he brings his insights to bear on some of the most fascinating and contentious issues of this strife-torn century."
—MARGARET THATCHER



"**History at Brian Crozier's hand is an exhilarating experience.** Who could have recorded the life of the Evil Empire with better grace or precision? It will endure longer than the Soviet Union did."
—WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

"**An expert guide to the history of the communist empire, succinct and objective.** Highly recommended to anyone interested in the origins and course of the Cold War."
—RICHARD PIPES

"**Supported by rare and chilling documents** from the Soviet archives, this book is a must-read for students and laymen interested in the history of communism."
—EDWIN J. FEULNER, President, The Heritage Foundation

Available at Bookstores
Or Call 800-632-8676

PUBLISHED IN ASSOCIATION WITH
NATIONAL REVIEW

FORUM ♦ An Imprint of Prima Publishing
www.primalifestyles.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

■ THE LAW ■

The Fantasy Life of Justices

Abortion in fact and myth

GERARD V. BRADLEY

It was the day before *Roe* v. *Wade*'s 25th birthday, the day most of us first heard of "that woman, Ms. Lewinsky." But on January 21, 1998, two tales of out-of-control sex were told in Washington. Here is the story of the one you have heard less about.

On that cold, clear morning, Missouri senator John Ashcroft convened a hearing of his Subcommittee on the Constitution. The subject was *Roe* v. *Wade*. The occasion was notable for the appearance of Norma McCorvey—"Jane Roe"—now a convert to the pro-life cause. More telling even than McCorvey's testimony was an exchange between Ashcroft and Georgetown law professor Michael Seidman. Ashcroft's question: Is there any case other than abortion, now that slavery is outlawed, where the law gives one person the authority of life and death over another?

Seidman responded that if judges failed to protect the abortion license, they would no longer be able to protect society from truly shocking dangers:

> Suppose the state of Missouri were to decide that it was underpopulated. And in order to deal with the underpopulation, the state decided that they were going to, against the will of women, artificially inseminate them and force them to bear children that they don't want to bear.

Get it? Ashcroft didn't, probably because he is morally sane. "Professor," he said, "that's sort of an interesting hypothetical." But what has it to do, he wondered, with a private franchise to kill?

Mr. Bradley is a professor of law at the University of Notre Dame.

Ashcroft was right to wonder. In Missouri, abortion had been illegal for eons until *Roe* made it a constitutional right, and yet, somehow, the Show Me State managed to steer clear of Seidman's hypothetical calamity. Missouri did so largely because it is located in the real world, the one in which people govern themselves guided by elementary moral distinctions. This world, sadly, is alien to current constitutional law. Seidman, in fact, was merely rephrasing the view of the U.S. Supreme Court. In *Planned Parenthood* v. *Casey* (the 1992 case that reaffirmed *Roe*), three Republican appointees said that, but for the abortion license established in *Roe*, "the state might as readily restrict a woman's right to choose to carry a pregnancy to term as to terminate it, to further asserted state interests in population control, or eugenics, for example."

Now do you get it? The liberty to abort is indistinguishable from the liberty to have children. And both are indistinguishable from, we are to suppose, involuntary impregnation.

■

Sen. John Ashcroft didn't understand the professor, probably because Ashcroft is morally sane.

■

But no one really thinks this way—not Supreme Court justices, not even most law professors. What, then, can the Court possibly mean when it says that the state might as readily impose, as ban, abortion?

Here is the justices' predicament: They want to justify a liberty for acts, including abortion, that Americans disapprove. But they defend their solicitude for these acts neither by reliance on the Constitution nor on a favorable, though extraconstitutional, moral evaluation of the acts. Professor Seidman stated at the January hearing both that he knew not what he thought of the personhood of the unborn, and that he was sure nothing in the Constitution or the Framers' intent addressed the matter of abortion.

This is just as well. For, if the Court were to insist that abortion rights were within the contemplation of the Constitution itself or the history of its interpretation before *Roe*, no one would believe it. And if the Court had grounded *Roe* squarely on the positive moral value of abortion, people would (rightly) wonder why the justices' moral views trump all others. The Court does not hanker for a world in which its authority to decide depends on the moral correctness of its decisions. That's why *Roe* expressly prescinded from the questions of when life begins, and who or what constitutes a "person."

Now, one might expect that this situation is tailor-made for a solution through democratic self-governance. We have abortion rights, even though neither the Framers nor the American people brung 'em. But we also have a democracy.

How, then, do the courts plan to convince the people to retain abortion rights? *By taking hostages.* The justices know that the public is inclined to question, if not challenge, their abortion decisions. The Court's strange assertions are warnings that incoming fire will take out genuine liberties that the justices have tethered to the abortion-rights impostors. Recall Seidman's concern about the forced impregnation of Missouri's women. I guess we are supposed to say, "Gee, I wouldn't want my daughter to be forced to bear the commissar's children. Oh, well, I'd better go along with the *Roe* decision."

This is a bluff, and the people may call it. The threat works only if there is good reason to fear that, as the *Casey* court said, the "state" might "readily" adopt a China-type family policy. Of that, the likelihood is zero.

The justices, therefore, have taken more hostages. They have shackled together decisions not just about pregnancy, but sexual liberation more generally. The revolution in constitutional law is a lot like the Clinton scandal: Fundamentally, it's about sex.

The *Casey* opinion made it clear that the abortion license is instrumental to a wider sexual license. The justices said that "in some critical respects" the abortion decision is of "the same character" as the decision to use contraceptives. People, especially women, have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"defined" themselves through reliance on abortion "in the event that contraception should fail." (I will return to the notion that people "define" themselves in relation to contraceptives.)

This revolution began with *Griswold*, the 1965 contraceptives case, which is rightly derided for its far-fetched talk of "emanations" of rights from "penumbras" of the Constitution. The Court's jurisprudence on privacy (read: sexual freedom) exploded after *Griswold*; but the Court ceased to give reasons for its expansionist holdings. (After *Griswold*, frankly, this is somewhat of a relief.) In case after case, the Court simply announced the birth of constitutional rights to consume pornography, to use contraceptives (in or out of wedlock), and to abort. The result was, and is, unmistakable: a constitutional liberty to engage (within very broad limits) in any consensual sexual activity.

This libertine sentiment is now the central principle of our constitutional law, even though its foundations are obscure and shaky. The judicial opinions about it rarely moved beyond bare assertion. Probably the leading "justification" offered by the Court was an increasingly improbable moral subjectivism, of which the classic statements include, "One man's lyric is another man's vulgarity." The bizarre prophecies of forced abortion or impregnation exhibit the same tendency toward subjectivism.

Lately there has been an important but subtle shift in the justification for the sexually liberated Constitution. During its long trek through the privacy cases, the Court veered—incrementally but consistently—towards grounding the new rights in the raw significance of the decision to the decider. This shift is captured in the notion of "defining" oneself contraceptively or, more generally, sexually. The *Casey* justices folded *all* "personal decisions relating to marriage, procreation, contraception, family relationships, child rearing and education" into one "liberty" protected by the Constitution. These decisions involve "the most intimate and personal choices a person may make in a lifetime, choices central to personal dignity and autonomy."

They spoke of the deeply personal and highly spiritual nature of a woman's decision to abort, concluding that the abortion license was within the liberty "to define one's own concept of existence, of meaning, of the universe, and of the mystery of human life. Beliefs about these matters could not define these attributes of personhood were they formed under the compulsion of the state."

Of course, what one believes about abortion (or other "mysteries of life") was not, and is not, the question. The matter was having an abortion, not reflecting on it. The *Casey* Court was saying that the liberty to act in accord with one's belief on these matters is the sine qua non of what is called "personhood." Thus, an unsurpassable irony: From the perspective of our constitutional law, "personicide" doesn't happen in abortions, but in efforts to *restrict* abortions.

During the last three decades, the Court's religion-clause jurisprudence also took off in a bizarre direction. The main trajectory of the new initiatives was to secularize the public realm. The justices emptied religion of all objective content: God was optional, as was church, creed, sect, logic, coherence, intelligibility. The combined effect of the plain, literal terms of the relevant Supreme Court holdings was that one person, with one belief that the person says is religious, counts as "religion." As the sacredness of various sexual choices increased, the sacredness of religion decreased. These two trends converged in *Casey*, in the above "mystery" passage.

The sacralization of sexual freedom marks a Copernican turn in our jurisprudence. It is no longer apt to speak of rights having to do with religion, marriage, or the family, as if those terms had settled, real-world referents, which served to anchor the rights themselves. It is apt to speak instead of rights concerning "religion," "marriage," and "family." For the right involved is precisely the individual's right to call for public recognition and support of his decision to call this or that arrangement, belief, or activity "religion," "marriage," or "family."

Wouldn't it be better to go back to the real world—and the real-world Constitution. **NR**

THE OFFICIAL *NR* WINDSHIRT

Comfortable.
Classy.
Waterproof.
Microfiber.
Nylon-lined.
Khaki on Navy Blue.
Only $49.95.
Sizes L–XL.

Supply Limited

Each windshirt $49.95. Add $3 per order for shipping and handling charges.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Number of shirts: _____

Shirt sizes: _____

PAYMENT METHOD

❑ Check enclosed (make payable to "National Review")

Bill to: ❑ MasterCard ❑ Visa

Acct. No. _____

Expir. Date _____

Signature _____

* Total payment $ _____

* NY State residents include sales tax.

Mail to: National Review, 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

■ COVER STORY ■

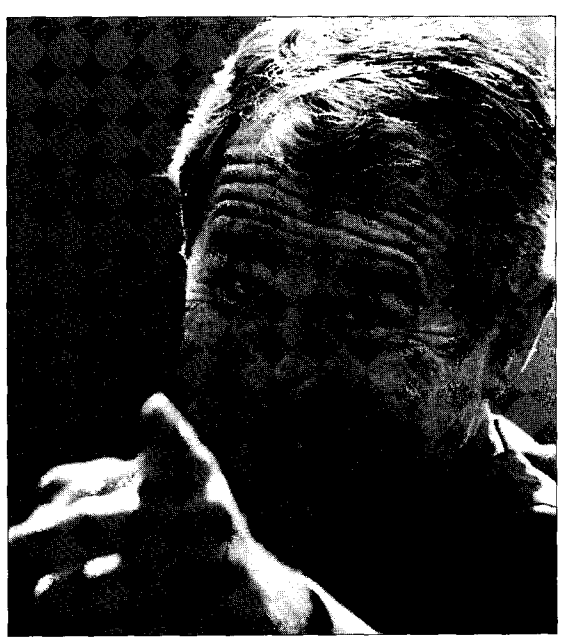
Stumper

The challenge facing Bush

RICHARD LOWRY

Manchester, N.H.

AT 7:30 A.M., George W. Bush slides into a seat between two patrons at the counter of Blake's Family Restaurant, leans close to the guy whose breakfast has just arrived, and asks, "What are we having?" Bush laughs and mugs for the cameras, as his new buddy nervously fingers his bacon. Then Bush stands up, grabs a cup of coffee, and bounces from table to table, saying over and over, "Thank you, appreciate it," even when there is no reason for it. He stands over a woman wearing a Gore button, and she is soon surrounded by reporters. "Only in New Hampshire," Bush remarks, "do you get to hold your own news conference." Then he is in the kitchen, looking for hands to shake among the dishwashing and cooking equipment. In a few minutes, Bush is at another restaurant, where he ducks into the kitchen twice—once on arriving, once to say goodbye before leaving.



This Clinton-like zeal for retail politics helped propel W. into his front-runner status in the first place. As he campaigns later in the morning in the tiny town of Goffstown, 15 minutes outside Manchester, it's easy to forget that his candidacy lost some of its luster after hesitant, wait-out-the-clock performances in the first two Republican debates (Bush would later right himself a bit in the third). A clutch of young Republicans with hand-painted "Go Bush Go" signs follow W. around, as do a half-dozen cameras and boom mikes, together with a small crowd of reporters and well-wishers. Police stop traffic on Main Street every time W. crosses the street to pop into a florist's, or hardware store, or Town Hall.

Bush likes to swing his arm into a handshake, making it almost a hand slap when his palm meets someone else's. He might then slip his arm down into a jivy, crooked-elbow handclasp. He fixes almost everyone he meets with a brief, intense gaze, a semi-glare, which almost feels like a challenge. He leans very close and doesn't hesitate to touch, eagerly draping his arm around anyone wanting a picture with him, making goo-goo faces at all the babies. It seems natural that when a woman leans in for a kiss on the cheek, Bush smacks one instead directly on her lips. He will cock his head with concern when anyone asks a question. Asked in Goffstown about the flat tax, he gives a brief rundown of his own plan, then says, "I think I can get it done. I think that's the important thing, don't you?" When his listener concedes, "Yes," Bush gives a "told you so" shrug and grins at everyone all around.

Getting it done, obviously, requires getting elected. In a curious turnabout, it is no longer policy positions that are Bush's chief weakness but questions about his electability. Bush has endorsed a major tax cut, entitlement reform, tort reform, a tough-minded internationalism, and the nomination of conservative judges; it all adds up to a substantial—in some areas highly detailed—agenda for governance. But, at the moment, there is one question facing his candidacy: Is he too inexperienced, too shallow to win? Of course, no one can ask it of him directly.

Which may partly account for Bush's oddly subdued Q&A sessions in Goffstown. "Any questions?" Bush asks after a brief speech at a restaurant packed with New Hampshire police officers. For a few moments he is left hanging in the silence, like Ben Stein in *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*. "Then why don't we just visit?" Bush says, before plunging in to work the crowd. There are similar awkward silences at a "press availability" later. Partly the press is just bored with Bush. When a reporter from a national publication tells a local reporter that he is doing a color piece on Bush, the local scribe responds dryly, "Let us know when you find some." The first question Bush gets is whether he is contemplating losing in New Hampshire. He throws his head to the side and laughs as if it's the funniest thing he's ever heard, before straightening up and responding with one word: "No."

Bush does a fine job parrying other questions about guns and about trade with China. In his later interview with NR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(see page 33), Bush would again perform creditably, although there are lacunae in his policy knowledge and he is prone to mispronunciations ("literati" is literat-eye) and verbal flubs (he would refer to the 1994 GOP campaign manifesto as "the Covenant with America"). But so are other politicians. The greater danger for Bush may be how he comes across on TV; the weak impression he sometimes creates is probably related to his body language.

The day before his Goffstown visit, Bush gives an education speech at a technology center in Manchester, standing on a low stage with a silver-foil background evocative of NASA. A couple of hundred people have packed the room to listen. Bush's every move seems to say, "Aw, shucks." Bush often spreads his arms wide, palms outward, in a slightly pleading gesture. As he makes his points, he leans forward, ducking his head, leaning even farther for emphasis, until it seems as though he is peeking far over the edge of a tall building. He has a half-grin on most of the time, as if he's working up to a punchline he never quite gets around to telling. After making a point, W. will often turn his head to one side and laugh, even if it is something serious, a brief snigger that almost seems a nervous tic.

It makes for a perfectly pleasant impression in person, but cameras seem to accentuate the uncertainty of the gestures. A few weeks ago, everyone was warning about Bush's supposed cockiness and arrogance. And he does usually carry himself with great assurance. Bush stands with his elbows slightly bent, like a Texas sheriff ready to reach for his six shooters, waiting for the next person he can confront and win with his handshake and grin. But now the complaints about arrogance have faded into suggestions of incompetence. Bush will probably never have the Quayle problem, becoming a laughingstock. Instead, Republicans have to worry about a repeat of the Dole scenario, in which a weak candidate is carried to the nomination by the party establishment and is then written off by a public that concludes: "Good man, too old, out of touch." With Bush, the rap would be: "Nice guy, too inexperienced, not ready."

Bush has been pegged as not measuring up before. In fact, the negative buzz about him after the first two debates must have seemed normal to him. As biographer Bill Minutaglio writes of Bush at Andover, "His father was one of the most famous student athletes in the history of the then 185-year-old institution; the younger Bush had decided that his own legacy at Andover was, as he said later, 'to instill a sense of frivolity.'" So, as W. warmed the bench on the basketball team, someone in the stands could yell, "Bush, get in there," and Bush would dutifully pretend to fall for it, mock-sprinting to the floor. W. became the cool prankster, making sarcastic cracks and giving everyone nicknames. This role comes through to this day, in the instant nicknames Bush doles out, in his grins, in the way you sometimes see him searching an audience for approval. Not taking yourself seriously—Bush repeatedly says he doesn't—can be a winning trait, but it can also be a defense mechanism, a way to avoid the sting of failure.

Bush famously cast about, trying to decide what to do with his life after Andover, Yale, and Harvard Business School, getting (rather savagely) beaten as the son of a rich East Coaster in a 1978 congressional run in Texas, then going on to a spotty career as an oilman. His successes came only with the application of self-discipline. At 40, he quit drinking, cold turkey. A couple of years later, in 1988, he quit smoking too, just as he was charged with handling the Bush campaign's relations with the Christian Right. Around the same time, he began to work on his temper. Ann Richards had beaten Claytie Williams in the 1990 Texas gubernatorial race partly by provoking idiotic outbursts from him. The strategy against Bush in 1994 was the same. According to Minutaglio, when Bush stuck to his message during a debate, despite jibes from Richards, one of W.'s cousins sent a shocked telegram to Barbara Bush: "WHAT HAS . . . WHAT DID HE DO?"

So it's not surprising that in his public performances Bush relentlessly sticks to the script. He doesn't expect to win on his personal virtuosity, but on a disciplined, well-organized campaign: endorsements, fundraising, an aggressive ground game (getting out the vote, etc.), carefully crafted policy positions. Part of the problem for Bush now is that his script is out of date. On the campaign trail, he still spouts empty rhetoric from his days of free-and-easy front-runnerhood: "I know

"ONE OF THE YEAR'S BEST BOOKS . . .

full of tension, excitement, suspense and realism. *The Redhunter* is as much a compulsive page-turner as any Stephen King or Tom Clancy thriller."

—**Caspar Weinberger**, *Forbes*

"This is an honorable and absorbing book. . . . The tone is elegiac throughout. There is no polemic here, no apologia . . ."

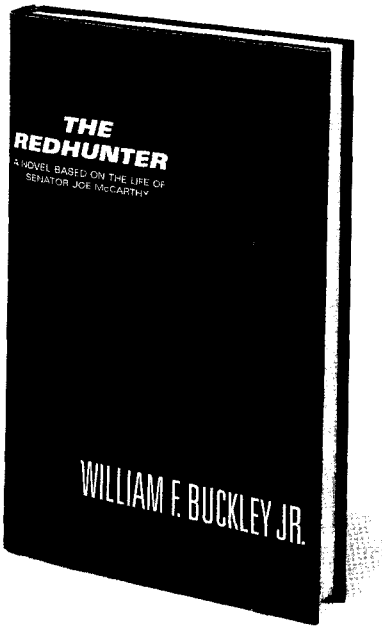
—**Charles McCarry**, *The New York Times*

"Reads like a thriller and has the gritty quality of history, and may well become in the popular mind a picture of the way things actually went."

—**Herbert Kenny**, *The Boston Irish Reporter*

"The book is a genuine page-turner. And it gives a vivid portrait of Joseph McCarthy. . . . [A] highly enjoyable novel-with-attitude."

—**Geoffrey Wheatcroft**, *The Wall Street Journal*



THE REDHUNTER • A Novel Based on the Life of Senator Joe McCarthy by William F. Buckley Jr.

IN BOOKSTORES NOW • Little, Brown and Company • www.littlebrown.com • Also available as a Time Warner AudioBook™ © 1999 Time Warner Trade Publishing, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

how to set agendas. I know how to make decisions, how to get things done." The lines sound like limp leftovers from the Liddy Dole campaign.

Bush's compassion message—which gave him an early media bounce—is also ill suited to a tough primary fight. It shaped his tax plan, giving it an emphasis on low-income workers, which means that Bush stands in the cold in the middle of the street in Goffstown, explaining to middle-class Republican voters how his plan concentrates on single mothers. This doesn't get many heads nodding. Another problem is stylistic. "Compassionate conservatism" is a calculated play to the feminized politics of the Clinton era. At first blush, it seemed a nice way to beat Clinton at his own game. Now it seems more likely to accentuate questions about Bush's steadiness, about his strength. John McCain has a different image: He's the fighter, a more manly stance. Not coincidentally, a recent survey showed McCain leading Bush in New Hampshire in seven out of eight presidential qualities, including the ability to handle a crisis.

'Compassionate conservatism' now seems likely to accentuate questions about Bush's steadiness, about his strength.

It would behoove Bush to begin emphasizing the "tough" part of his message of "tough love," and also his goal of changing the culture, rather than the compassionate conservatism that is, in a way, a concession to it. Bush may seem an unlikely culture warrior, but he scaled the traditional social heights at Yale—the DKE fraternity, Skull & Bones—just as they were being run down by the likes of William Sloane Coffin. He attended Harvard Business School—wearing his Texas National Guard jacket to class—at the height of Watergate, with his dad heading the Republican National Committee. According to Minutaglio, W. told friends he felt *physically* uncomfortable at Harvard. When he talks about his disaffection with the liberal media and the "literat-eye," it is more than a pose.

There are two advantages to W.'s mindset. First, it is part of his seeming ordinariness, his relative lack of complication. Al Gore has been preparing for the presidency most of his life, is an amateur intellectual—and seems profoundly uncomfortable with himself. Bush never imagined he would be the front-runner for anything, has no intellectual pretensions—and seems utterly at ease with it all. That will come through in the campaign. The second advantage is that Bush will probably have some resistance to the pull of the media. As pundits were panning his first two debate performances, Bush could stand before an audience in Manchester, say such conservative things as, "We will not be subsidizing failure with taxpayer dollars," and get a standing ovation. Maybe, just maybe, W. will know who his friends are. And on that score, months and months of being called dumb by the chattering class can only help. **NR**

Bush as Debater

A critique

RICHARD BROOKHISER

THE three Republican presidential debates—the first involving all contestants—were a lesson in the tight radius of political cycles. After Debates 1 and 2, in Manchester, N.H., and Phoenix, Ariz., George W. Bush was being written off for his listless, lockjawed performances. Some of this was spin by the McCain press office (a/k/a the media). The *New York Times*, for example, subtly but significantly edited Bush's answers to make them appear even weaker than they were. Still, they were weak enough. But after Debate 3 in Des Moines, Iowa, Bush was back on top of the GOP world. Questions about his personality and his conservatism remain, but they are the old questions, not new ones. As an easygoing druggie in my college singing group used to say, whenever disaster loomed, "There's still time to panic."

The television-era political debate is an odd format. Forget the Constitutional Convention, or Lincoln–Douglas. Each candidate gets a haiku-sized slot, in which he dumps appropriate lines from his stump speech (the short-windedness of modern oratory neatly tracks the constrictions of the debate format). The encounters are presided over by those modern arbiters, the pundits, who are often smug and obtuse. Actual citizen questioners are always worse (remember Mr. Ponytail, in Clinton–Bush '92?), which is not surprising, since preliminary vetting tends to leave the kind of person who makes himself obnoxious at PTA meetings. The format has degenerated over time: Joe McGinnis's *Selling of the President, 1968* held up to our scorn the Nixon campaign's Q&A sessions with "representative" voters, though compared with today's debates, they look like Platonic dialogues. Think, finally, of leaders commonly thought to be adequate who would flunk the debate test—Jefferson, shy and conflict-phobic; mumbling James Madison; the Adamses, arrogant and irritable. By the same token, Bill Clinton is a rather good debater.

Debates do serve useful functions, however. They give exposure to the candidates' ideas in a format more neutral than their own ads. They put the candidates on screen in a somewhat uncontrolled situation, thus allowing voters to get a sense of their personalities. They allow the adroit candidate to make the occasional good point—Ronald Reagan's "Are you better off than you were four years ago?" in 1980—or clever dig—George Bush calling Pete du Pont "Pierre" in 1988 (translation: He's the rich prepster, not me). Never mind that these moments are all scripted—so is almost everything presidents do in office. Debates also allow candidates to shoot themselves in the foot, e.g., Gerald Ford liberating Poland in 1976.

Each of the six candidates came into these debates with a distinct mission. Orrin Hatch and Alan Keyes had to distinguish themselves, and both succeeded, in different ways.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the Battle for the Church, Our Trumpet Is Not Uncertain

The Catholic Church is deeply divided, not about this or that proposed "reform" but about the very nature of the Faith. When Pope John Paul issued *Ordinatio Sacerdotalis*, definitively reiterating the Church's inability to ordain women, a leading organ of dissent, the *National Catholic Reporter*, flatly contradicted the Pope and predicted that the Church *will* ordain priestesses. Why so sure? Because "the Vatican is on the wrong side of history," and "not even popes can hold out forever against the tide of history."

Whatever the issue — raunchy sex ed, shacking-up, abortion, homosexuality, radical feminism, assisted suicide, New Age spins on spirituality, profanation of the liturgy, defying Church authority — most dissenters take their cues from the fallen World, though seldom as frankly as the *Reporter* has. The Church is divided between two opposing faiths — faith in the Tide of History vs. faith in Scripture, Tradition, and Magisterium. And the Church is split from top to bottom. Certain liberal prelates shamelessly run interference for the dissenters, publicly attack brother bishops, and openly call for a reconsideration of firmly settled Catholic teachings.

Meanwhile, certain Catholic periodicals sit on the fence and wait to see which way the wind will blow, content to sound an uncertain trumpet. But "if the trumpet makes an uncertain sound," who will know "what is played" and "who will prepare himself for battle?" (1 Cor. 14:7-8). Well, confusing and pacifying Catholics is not our approach at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW. A spunky orthodox Catholic monthly magazine, we're published in Berkeley, so we've seen the Surge of History up close. We *know* what's coming at you. The Commandos of History are spreading out all across the country. There's no place to hide! With Augustine, Athanasius, Thomas More, Ignatius, Campion, and Newman, we're out here on the front lines contending for the authentic Catholic Faith against the Shock Troops of History.

Our pages contain "some of the best religious writing published today," according to the *Pro-Life Activist's Encyclopedia*. "Brilliant," says *Library Journal*. "First-rate," says *National Review*.

Don't let yourself be outsmarted or overpowered by the dissenters and their front men. And don't let yourself be discombobulated by the uncertain trumpets of waffling Catholic journalists. Get ready for the protracted conflict ahead. Get yourself in fighting trim by subscribing today!

(Please allow 2 to 8 weeks for delivery of first issue.)

SPECIAL DISCOUNT RATES FOR FIRST-TIME SUBSCRIBERS

- ☐ One-year subscription ..... $14 (regularly $19)
- ☐ One-year student, unemployed, or retired person's subscription ..... $12 (regularly $16)
- ☐ Two-year subscription ..... $23 (regularly $35)
- ☐ One-year non-U.S. subscription ..... US$24 (regularly $29) Payment must be drawn in U.S. Dollars.
- ☐ Sample copy $3.50

➔ Our prices are *so low* because you can't pay by credit card and payment must accompany order. Send letter or this coupon with check payable to NEW OXFORD REVIEW. Mail to:

NEW OXFORD REVIEW
Room 771
1069 Kains Ave.
Berkeley CA 94706

NAME (Please print or type)

STREET ADDRESS OR P.O. BOX

CITY STATE ZIP

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hatch, with the manner of a kindly old turtle in a children's book, came across as the most relaxed and well-informed candidate. His is a nice version of the senatorial personality—secure in his status and used to holding forth. In a big hall, like the auditorium in Phoenix, you can feel Alan Keyes feel the echo. His energy flows, he starts his little quiver on the balls of his feet, his personality unfolds and fills the stage like some great flower. This is a bad thing.

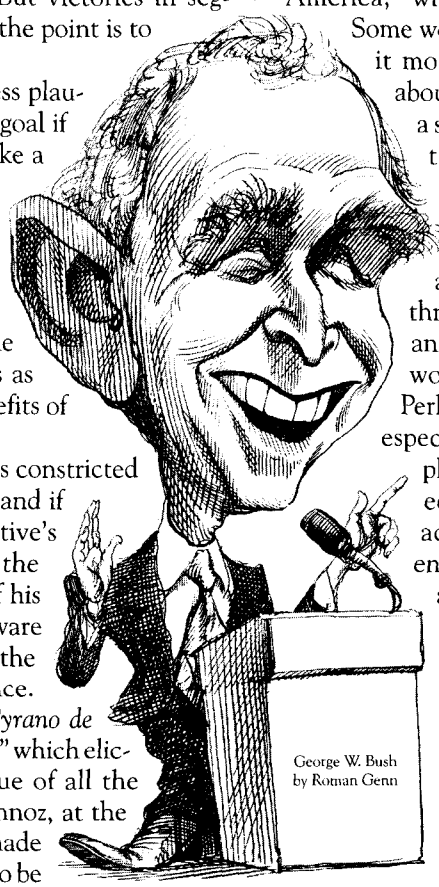
Steve Forbes and Gary Bauer fought it out in the conservative sub-primary. Both brought up favorite themes capably—Forbes scolded Alan Greenspan and the IMF, Bauer bashed China and repeated a good line about religion in schools (Dylan Klebold and Eric Harris gave the Nazi salute to each other in Columbine H.S. with impunity, yet the Ten Commandments cannot be posted). But victories in segments of the market are fruitless, since the point is to win the whole thing.

John McCain's job was to rake in press plaudits. He would have accomplished this goal if he had shown up in a cardboard box, like a homeless person. He did better than that, though not as much better as he was given credit for (see below).

And George W. had the job of underscoring his dominance over the field. He managed to do that only in the last debate, but one third of a loaf was as good as a whole one. Those are the benefits of dominance.

In the first two debates George W. was constricted and curt. He was not nervous, exactly, and if you looked for it, you could see the executive's air of command—something none of the other candidates had. But he closed off his answers too soon; worse, he seemed unaware that debates require engagement with the other candidates, and with the audience. He recalled the callow nobleman in *Cyrano de Bergerac* who calls the hero's nose "large," which elicits from Cyrano a three-page catalogue of all the things he could have called Cyrano's shnoz, at the end of which Cyrano kills him. Bush made an easily avoidable mistake by claiming to be reading a biography of Dean Acheson, and then defining the Acheson/Marshall vision in only the vaguest terms. McCain scrambled in to make a specific remark about Acheson, which the press treated as if he had delivered Webster's reply to Hayne. All McCain actually proved was that he knew Acheson's career had intersected with the Korean War; an interesting thing to know about Acheson would have been that he started the Korean War, with a disastrous speech about our Asian defensive perimeter. But journalists are easily satisfied, and Bush had left himself open to the blow.

A more telling Bush blunder was a discussion of his proposed tax cut, which bubbled up among Bauer, Forbes, Keyes, and Hatch. Bush did not comment until he was asked a direct question by the moderator, and then he began with the stalest of formulas: "For some it's not enough, and for some my tax cut's too big, which leads me to b'lieve ah'm doin' sumpn' jus' right." One could only imagine how Ronald Reagan, the master of the sweet counterpunch, would have settled such a situation. It reached the point where Hatch gave him the dis direct, telling him that he would make a *fine* president after eight years as Hatch's veep.


George W. Bush by Roman Genn

In Des Moines Bush seemed to wake up. The debate began with a question about the Klebold/Harris videotape, discussed at length in that week's *Time*. McCain, though relaxed, gave an essentially wonkish answer about filtering software. Bush, coming next, managed to play both the black and the white keys. He said there was a "culture of violence and rage" afoot in the land, but then added that Americans could, and in many cases do, overcome it, by grassroots mentoring and involvement: They "tap into the great strength of America," which is "the heart and souls" of Americans. Some would say it was answering like Bill Clinton, but it more strongly recalled vintage Reagan. Asked about missile defense, Bush vowed he would build a system, but said he would tell Russia and China that the United States was interested in "lead[ing] the world to peace." He demagogued the issue of ethanol, a landmine of Iowa politics—even Forbes vowed not to abolish the program until 2007, i.e., halfway through his second term—but he did it zestfully, and said that trade, including trade with China, would open up markets for farm products. Perhaps Bush did best on the trick question laid especially for him: Who is your favorite philosopher? Forbes said John Locke (and is undoubtedly one of the few candidates who have actually read Locke). Alan Keyes used an endorsement of the Founding Fathers to call for a revenue system based entirely on tariffs, duties, and excise taxes; like the Founding Fathers, he would face another Whiskey Rebellion. Bush said simply, "Christ—because he changed my heart." Home run. Hatch and Bauer liked Christ too, though Bauer came off like the sharp catechist nobody liked.

McCain looked simultaneously stiff and glittery-eyed, and slid further to the left, calling for subsidies for prescription drugs and expansion of children's health insurance, and praising women in combat. He got our foreign-policy priorities precisely backwards, declaring that the Russian onslaught on Chechnya "offends our Judeo-Christian values and principles," and "it can also over time offend our national interest." So run for bishop, Senator. He demagogued ethanol in the goo-goo way, blasting it as a subsidy to special interests, unlike all those matters that come before the Commerce Committee.

The Bush campaign is happy, though conservatives shouldn't be. Bush said not one word about affirmative action, and all the words he spoke about multiculturalism and the national question were in Spanish. The debaters' platform is not the real world; doing reasonably well against two senatorial egotists and three amateurs is not sufficient proof that Bush has the maturity or the gravitas to be either a good nominee or a good leader. There's still time to panic. **NR**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In His Own Words

W. speaks

George W. Bush recently sat for an exclusive interview with NR *editors Richard Lowry, Kate O'Beirne, and Ramesh Ponnuru. The day after a New Hampshire campaign swing, Bush sank into a chair in the library of the Texas governor's mansion with an exhausted sigh. Bush asked his advisers Condoleezza Rice and Larry Lindsey to sit in on the interview, "because I think part of how you judge whether somebody can be the president is to know who their friends are, and who they listen to." Bush quickly dubbed Ramesh Ponnuru "Ram" and answered questions for a little over an hour. What follows is an edited version of the exchange.*

NR: A lot of conservatives have had some sort of politically formative experience. Maybe the first Goldwater speech you ever heard, the first Reagan speech, reading a book like *Witness*. What was it for you?

GWB: I think there is more than just one. One, going to China in 1975 was an interesting event for me. I went to visit Mother and Dad in China, and it was the starkest example of what life is like without a marketplace. There was no individual demand. There was no choice. People were—there was a kind of homogenization of society that was so stark, and so real, and so vivid. I've never forgotten that.

The second real economic lesson that happened right on the heels of that was when the oil crisis hit. And the Carter administration, in its infinite wisdom, slapped price controls on gas and use controls on gas.

The Bible has influenced me a lot. I read it every day. I've sought redemption and believe I've found it. I get great strength from the Bible.

There's a book called *Modern Times* by Paul Johnson, which had an effect on my thinking. It's just one of those books that catches your attention, and you go, Whoa—this thing is powerful. It's the first history book I read by a true conservative.

NR: What do you think accounts for President Clinton's popularity?

GWB: First of all, I don't think he is popular. I mean, there is a difference between job approval and would you name your son after him. In other words, is there a sense of respect? I don't think that people respect the president.

NR: Do you think he owes his high job approval to the economy?

GWB: Yeah, I do. The poll I'd take is the one I feel every day out there when I'm campaigning. And the two biggest applause lines are: I will restore honor and respect to the office, and—this is interesting—I will restore the morale of the military. There's a sentiment about the U.S. military on the hustings that has surprised me, frankly.

■

'The Bible has influenced me a lot. I read it every day. I've sought redemption and believe I've found it. I get great strength from the Bible.'

■

NR: When some people talk about the problems of morale in the military, they raise personnel issues. We have a lot of single mothers serving in the military. Should they be sent to war zones?

GWB: Before I answer that specifically: They should never be in the infantry.

NR: But they could be deployed?

GWB: I think so, yes. I mean, that's part of what it means to be in the military. In other words, are you suggesting that we start segregating assignments based upon the particular social situation of a person?

Part of the problem of the morale of the military is that the mission is not clear. The mission of the military is to fight and win wars. As a result of the mission being diffused—never defined very clearly—they've got what's called TDA fatigue—Temporary Duty Assignment fatigue, where troops are being deployed all the time. That, to me, is a bigger hazard to morale in the military than single moms with kids.

NR: What about gender-integrated training?

GWB: I don't believe in gender-integrated training. I think they ought to be separated.

NR: Do you think it was a mistake for Clinton to delegate the whole health-care issue to his wife?

GWB: I think the mistake was for President Clinton to try to nationalize the health-care industry.

NR: Would you ever do anything similar with Laura?

GWB: Absolutely not.

NR: Why?

GWB: Because she's not a political person. I'm the person running for office. I'm going to be the president of the United States. This is not a co-presidency.

NR: In what respect has Clinton been successful?

GWB: He's been successful politically. And this is success that I don't necessarily herald. But he's been very successful at creating a zero-sum atmosphere in Washington, D.C., which then makes it possible for him to make the case that you can't cut taxes, because otherwise you'll raid Social Security, or you can't cut taxes because the elderly will suffer. It's impossible, he says, to achieve broad objectives. In other words, he diminishes the capacity for government to set big goals.

NR: Why has Clinton been able to outmaneuver Congress so often?

GWB: Let me tell you something about the executive branch versus the legislative branch. The legislative branch is inherently reactive. The executive branch is proactive. It's the executive branch that sets the agenda. It is the executive branch that sets the tone. Legislators cannot set agendas, by the very nature of the process. I know. I've lived with the relationship.

Appropriators are appropriators, whether they be Republicans or Democrats—they are just appropriators. And when you've got a president that is an appropriator, it's a lethal combination when it comes to busting budget caps. It's just the nature of Congress.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And so, I think that the president has the upper hand from the get-go in dealing with the legislature. Gingrich and them did a fabulous job with the Contract for America. They did a wonderful job from a political perspective. But then they misunderstood their role a little bit. And the president played them well. He played them well.

NR: Is there anything positive Clinton has done on the trade front?

GWB: No, I can't find anything on the trade front, particularly after not getting fast-track authority from the Congress and the performance in Seattle. The performance in Seattle was typical of this administration. They go there simply trying to set a timetable and an agenda. He gets spooked by the AFL-CIO. He undermines the capacity to get anything done. And leaves.

And, again, let me put this in perspective: I am a free-trader. And I will defend free trade. I'll defend free trade among Republicans. I'll defend free trade in union halls. I believe strongly that free trade leads to higher-paying, higher-quality jobs.

NR: Your marriage-penalty proposal lets two-earner families pay less in taxes than a traditional one-earner couple that makes the same amount of money. How is that fair?

GWB: You need to look at the whole tax plan in order to understand the fairness of the plan. When I sat down with the folks to figure out the parameters and the depth of the tax cuts, I laid out priorities.

My two priorities were to be able to stand up and look the American public in the eye and say, "This tax cut will serve as an insurance policy against an economic downturn. George W. Bush believes that cutting marginal rates will enhance the productivity of our economy." And my second priority—and a place where we spent a lot of time and effort—was to make sure that people who live in what I call the outskirts of poverty do not pay a high marginal rate as they head for the middle class.

It's important for the conservative movement to understand that the tax code penalizes single women with children today. And I think it's going to be not only important policy-wise, but important politically to have a Republican stand up with the ability to say, "I hear the call." You've got 30 percent of the babies, roughly, being born out of wedlock in America—that's a lot of single moms where some guy just said, "These babies aren't my problem." There are a lot of folks who are working incredibly hard to get ahead, and our tax code penalizes them.

And so, everybody benefits under the plan. Now, it's easy to isolate one aspect of it, and say, "Well, you know, how come it's not bigger?" and stuff like that. Well, we just have to make some tradeoffs.

NR: Is Microsoft a predatory monopoly?

GWB: Let the courts decide that. But I'll have an attorney general who will enforce the antitrust laws. The interesting question society has to answer is, "How relevant are the antitrust laws to an industry that's changing on a month-to-month basis?" And we'll see what the court decides. I hope they settle the case. I think that would be better.

'I support the idea of getting rid of quotas. But you've got to hear what I'm saying about having an alternative.'

NR: What do you make of the reaction to the debates?

GWB: Here's what happens: You've got to see it from my perspective. I got to the debate. I had a mission. Finished the first debate. Finished the second debate. The press corps says, "Yeah, you did a great job." The press says, "Wonderful." And then four days later they all decide it's not good.

NR: We have reliable accounts from cancer patients that the only way some of them can get relief from chemotherapy is to smoke marijuana. Why should that be illegal?

GWB: Because I think it sends a signal. It relates to a larger question: Should we legalize drugs or not? The answer is, No, we shouldn't. And it's part of a legalization process. I think we can design—we're smart enough to design—medicines to do the same things that medical marijuana can.

NR: You talk about cultural change. Can you think of an example of the culture going back the other way?

GWB: Yeah, I can. Moms and dads who are 50 years old who go to Bible study. I believe there is a very serious evangelical movement taking place in America. It's challenging the traditional church in many ways. But while the Episcopal Church numbers seem to be declining, the Bible church is not. There is a backlash to the cultural excesses of the Sixties and Seventies.

NR: If you were in California, would you have voted for Proposition 209?

GWB: I support the principle of 209, which is abolishing quotas. What conservatives and Republicans are going to have to do is present different alternatives to quota systems. As you know, I pioneered here along with people in the legislature the concept that if you end up in the top 10 percent of your class, you are automatically admitted to state universities. To me, that is a much better approach. It's not based upon race or anything else.

NR: So, if 209 reflected your principles, would you have voted for it?

GWB: I don't want to comment about a particular proposition. I've avoided answering that question in other places. But, yes, I support the idea of getting rid of quotas. But you've got to hear what I'm saying now about having an alternative.

NR: Would you abolish the NEA?

GWB: No. I would delegate to the states the capacity to spend the money, to have the ability to decide where the money is going to be spent.

NR: If elected, would you reopen Pennsylvania Avenue?

GWB: You're the first person to ask that question. We've talked about it. I would like to. I'd also like to hear from the Secret Service before I answer your question.

NR: But you don't like the symbolism of its being closed?

GWB: No, I don't at all. We're a confident nation. We've got to be a confident nation.

NR: We've had examples of European guests visiting this White House and not being able to smoke. Would you let people smoke in the White House?

GWB: It would not bother me. I mean, if a guest of mine came and wanted to smoke? No, that wouldn't bother me.

NR: At a state dinner?

GWB: No, that wouldn't bother me. I mean, personal guests come in and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

smoke at the governor's mansion. They say, "Can I have a smoke?" Sure.

NR: If the Supreme Court strikes down the faith-based programs you support, what happens then? Do you acquiesce in that?

GWB: No, you don't. You fight. I hope, and I think, that charitable choice has been structured to the point where it will stand this test. You'll notice that in our papers and speeches, we always say that there has to be a secular alternative.

I make the case that society and government ought to ask the question, "Does it work?" And one of the things I think you'll find in the Bush presidency is I'm more than willing to challenge the process-oriented world. Whether it be in education or in welfare. We have a process world. Education is the most process-oriented group of people. They ask the question, in education, "How old are you?" If you're ten, you're supposed to be here. If you're eleven, you're supposed to be there. We've started asking the question in Texas, "What do you know?"

NR: You've said that you're not going to have a litmus test for your Supreme Court nominees, but do you yourself think *Roe* v. *Wade* was bad law?

GWB: I thought it was an overreach of the law. I do. I think it was a case where the courts made decisions that state legislatures could have adequately made and should be making about the issue of abortion.

NR: So you hope your judges would consider it bad law as well?

GWB: I will be appointing judges who strictly interpret the Constitution.

NR: What does it say about the Gore campaign that they would hire Donna Brazile?

GWB: It is slash-and-burn, zero-sum politics. This is a campaign [the Gore campaign] that—if I happen to win the party's nomination—is going to be a campaign of belittlement: "Doesn't know anything." "Famous daddy." On and on and on. What America wants to see is where you're going to lead.

I don't know Donna Brazile that well. All I know is she spread some stuff on my dad which, when I read about, I didn't appreciate. But, they're attackers.

NR: Who are the people who knew you in your younger days whom you think are the most surprised that you're running for president?

GWB: Gosh, I'd say all of them. You see I never really planned on running for president. It never entered my thought process. If you asked me, coming out of Yale University, "Are you running for president?" I would have said, "You're out of your mind." I never said, "I wish I had worked a little harder in history class, so I didn't get a C, instead I'd get a B. And, then, it'll look better when the newspapers somehow get my transcript, even though I didn't release it, from a major Ivy League college."

NR: Do you think the media are biased against conservatives and Republicans?

GWB: Yes, I do think they are biased against conservative thought. And the reason is that they think conservative thinkers are not compassionate people.

■

'[They'll say] "Doesn't know anything." "Famous Daddy." On and on and on.'

■

And that's one of the reasons I've attached a moniker to the philosophy that I espouse, because I want people to hear a different message.

NR: Did the liberals give Ronald Reagan such a hard time because they didn't think he was compassionate?

GWB: No, I think they didn't think he was smart. You've got to understand, if you don't come from Washington, you're not very smart. Even though you come from California or Texas—you know you may be bright in the eyes of your own constituents. I think the liberal media thought Ronald Reagan was not intelligent.

NR: Is there a snobbery?

GWB: I think there is elitism, I do. And, with Ronald Reagan, I also think that they disagreed with his point of view. I think they felt that his clear, strong stance against Communism was naïve. I think they felt that his tax-cutting would ruin the economy. I think they felt that his ideas on welfare reform would leave people in the cold. And he proved them wrong. That's why he'll go down in history as a great president. He is a watershed president.

NR: Do you think the national media have been fair to you?

GWB: At times. And at times they haven't. Everybody wants a race. But the good news is, I know where my constituency really is: It's with the people. But I would say, at first, I intrigued people. And now I think we're settling into a traditional relationship with the liberal media and the conservatives. The other day, I'm standing up, and people say you're not smart enough. That's kind of an unusual question for someone who's been successful in life to be asked. But that's part of what's happening now among the media. And my only answer is, I'd rather be underestimated. There's a lady here in Texas named Ann Richards, who underestimated me.

NR: One helpful Clinton legacy is the treatment of their daughter. The media now should probably leave your daughters alone.

GWB: I hope so, but they won't.

NR: On another Gore adviser, you wouldn't spend five minutes in the same room with Naomi Wolf, right? That's just not your thing?

GWB: Not at all. I don't understand the mentality. I don't get what she brings.

It's just a scene up there—you know it as well as I do. There's a deal—there's a kind of the literati, and that's just not me. I respect smart people, I respect genius. I love good writing. But that's just not where I'm coming from.

So I want you to read this *New Yorker* article for the general election. It's one of the most amazing articles I've ever read. It was by some guy [Louis Menand] down at NYU or something who was interviewing Al Gore. Now, I'm a fairly well-educated person. I couldn't understand it. I could not understand what they were talking about. About halfway through the story, the guy starts saying, "I can't imagine having this conversation with George W. Bush."

NR: What are you doing New Year's Eve?

GWB: That's something we've having a little struggle about in our household. I'm on my daughters' side to rent a bus, load up 20-plus other kids, and go up to our lake house in East Texas. Their mom, on the other hand, hasn't quite bought into the program yet.

NR: Will you be attending Renaissance Weekend in January?

GWB: Wrong guy. Wrong guy. I'd rather be fishing. **NR**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The True Sprit of Chrismas*

The Heath children hold forth

MANY persons our ages of 12, 10, 8, 6 think the Sprit of Chrismas is about toys and presents instead of about the real sprit. These persons are inmature and childless. As will be seen.

Today at Assembly, everybody got a copy and got read to, the U.N. Declaration of the Rights of the Child, which turned out it was the Chrismas present from the United Nations to all the children in the world, also which Pam, 12, and John, 10, have to write down about constructively, and Priscilla, 8, and Buckley, 6, be prepared to explane in there own words by Monday. This is our free-thinking thoughts, for nothing is black and white but grey.

The first part, before the Principles start, is very oratory and good except for puctuation (commas not periods after paragraphs) and reptitous (absolutely 5 paragraphs in a row begin with "Whereas"). Persons that are always tearing down, tearing down would probbly mock this instead of saying the United Nations did pretty good, spelling the long words this composition is absolutely full of.

PRINCIPLE 1: *All children shall be entitled to these rights, without distinction or discrimination on account of race, color, sex, language, religion, political or other opinion, property, birth, or other status whether of himself or of his family.* Those who think will easly see that who their talking about is none other but the U.S. of America (world smelting pot), for in other countries from us (Europe, England, Russia, Wildest Africa, etc. etc. etc.) there isn't enough different population from the main to do discrimination at. (Except by inmost feelings, hard to wipe out, unforch.)

Why do they drag in sex, one asks ourself? Because the United Nations regard sex purely, like dictionaries, where sex is if you are a boy or a girl (you can look it up)—not the reason children are not allowed to see practicly every movie in the whole world. It is a well-none fact that most parents comitt discrimination on children by sex (by wether they are male sex or female sex, other words.) Ex:—: Sataday mornings, boys (M. sex) have to clean out cars in a icecold subzero gerage, wile girls (F. sex) only have to vacume warm & cozy carpets. And yet again about color (sometimes meening race, but they already said race in this PRINCIPLE so they now meen color.); Why? Because, Ex:—: Some persons, who dirt shows on more than other persons because of there snow white color, are all the time getting it in the neck (like parents saying: "Good God, your angkles"!! venial sin) when that happens to be the exact night one washed *with soap*! All this shall end.

One thing the United Nations forgot:—: discrimination by age, like:—Ex:—In 2 years, could Pam, now age 12 drive a car in S. Carolina? Yes!! In Conn.? No!! Could Jim, our brother of 14, marry Linda who he loves in India? Yes!! In Conn.? No!! Showing that the U.N. forgot the main thing the child get's discriminated for. BUT: after all: nobidies perfect:

PRINCIPLE 2 (really getting going): *The child shall enjoy special protection and shall be given opportunities and facilities, by law and by other means, to enable him to develop physically, mentally, morally, spiritually, and socially in a healthy and normal manner and in conditions of freedom and dignity.* Their going to start some laws, and unless quite a few parents wise up, we happen to know quite a few parents (including by marrage) that will end up incarserated. Because when the U.N. finds out, surely soon, that every single child in the world spends absolutely the best years of his life from infantry to adultery sitting on a hard seat, bending his head over books that is rooning his eyes and with the most absolutely boaring stuff poaring, poaring, poaring into his ears. At the same time when they breathe *in* constantly sniffing germs of namonia, chicken pocks, nefritus so they practicly only dare breathe *out* (practicly impossible):—all of which contrary to health and freedom:—then the U.N. will edict that this situation must CEACE!

PRINCIPLE 3: *The child shall be entitled from his birth to a name and a nationality.* This is also in the Sprit of Chrismas because it portects children from being called Blooper and Kiki even when big, which can become absolutely humalating. Ex:—When John was born our brother Jim was 4 (dificult age) and Jim liked our Uncle Reid so he absolutely made every one call John "Uncle Reid" after him (Uncle Reid). Funny then, but how would John feel nowadays if Mrs. McLeod said in class: "Uncle Reid, suppose you take the next passage?" Like a fool. PRINCIPLE 3 also portects people from the fate of Philip Nolan, who had to live on boats and not have a nationality for having got mad at the Government

*Composed by Pamela, John, Priscilla, and, sometimes, Buckley Heath
Typed by There Mother

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Five Years Ago Discussing Reform of Drug Policy Was Taboo. Now Ending the Drug War Is Popular!

by Kevin B. Zeese

KEVIN B. ZEESE

Over the past two years voters in seven states and the District of Columbia passed initiatives favoring medical marijuana or decriminalization of marijuana generally and treating drug offenses as a health issue rather than a law enforcement issue. Recently, a wide array of groups, including the NAACP, Volunteers of America, YWCA, the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America, the United Methodist Church and the Rainbow/PUSH Coalition, have called for a new approach to drug control.

There are at least three good reasons for revaluation of our current approaches:

Does Not Protect American Youth

Last year almost 10 percent of America's children between the ages of 12 and 17 used illegal drugs. That's nearly twice the 1992 percentage. Before graduating from high school, half will try an illegal drug.

Throughout the last two decades approximately 90 percent of high school students have said illegal drugs are easy for them to get-easier than beer.

Advocates for the current policy claim drug use has decreased since 1978. These claims are highly doubtful. 1) These figures come from a voluntary survey conducted by the federal government. Do we think people will be as honest about their drug use in the repressive 90s as they would have been in the more permissive 70s? 2) Certain key populations, among them prisoners, are not included in the survey. 3) Even according to this survey, last year, nearly 14 million Americans used illegal drugs. That's an increase of over 1.5 million drug users since the beginning of the Clinton Administration. 4) The health and social problems associated with drugs have worsened since 1978-overdose deaths and mentions of drugs in hospital emergency rooms are at record highs, while the spread of disease such as AIDS and hepatitis-C is rampant. These serious health problems are largely the result of prohibition which makes it impossible to know the purity of illegal drugs, discourages people from seeking prompt medical treatment for fear of incarceration, and often prohibits the sale of sterile syringes thereby spreading disease.

Americans recognize the drug war is not working: gangs and cartels are getting richer, adolescents have easy access to drugs, overdose deaths are at record highs. We are spending too much on a policy that doesn't work.

High Costs Without Results

At the Federal level the drug control budget has increased from $9 billion to $18 billion in less than a decade. Since Reagan-era nearly $200 billion has been spent on the drug war by the federal government. Nationally we spend approximately $50 billion annually on drug control.

Drugs are more potent and less expensive despite record arrests and incarceration of drug offenders. Since 1991, the price of pure heroin has dropped from over $3,000 per gram to $1,000 per gram, cocaine prices have dropped from $275 per gram to $94 per gram.

The economics of drug prohibition are undermining the economies and democratic institutions in foreign countries. The drug market is a $400 billion per year industry, equaling 8% of the world's trade according to the United Nations. The US Office of National Drug Control Policy estimates that $57 billion is spent annually on drugs in the US alone. Drug profits fuel insurgency movements, corrupt public officials and undermine the world's economy because prohibition turns plants into products more valuable than gold.

Cruel and Discriminatory Practices

Arrest and incarceration rates are at record highs. Over 1.5 million people are arrested each year for drug offenses, two-thirds for mere possession according to the FBI. Nationally, 1.8 million Americans are behind bars; 400,000 are incarcerated for drug offenses.

Only 11% of the nation's drug users are black; however, blacks constitute almost 37% of those arrested for drug violations, over 42% of those in federal prisons for drug violations, and almost 60% of those in state prisons for drug felonies.

What Can We Do?

We can be more effective if we are pragmatic, base our policy choices on the facts and are not afraid to face-up to the failure of current policy. Citizens need to get informed, get active and help end a very expensive and destructive policy. Future columns will discuss alternatives to the drug war. To learn more now, please visit www.csdp.org for alternative approaches, accurate information and connections to reform-minded organizations. And let us know how you or your organization can help spread the reform message.

Common Sense for Drug Policy, Kevin B. Zeese, President
703-354-9050, 703-354-5695, info@csdp.org, http://www.csdp.org.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

once, tho not till grown-up. But children's fate, through the passage of years is to become grown-up or else dead. So look before you leap, which the U.N. does.

PRINCIPLE 4: *The child shall enjoy the benefits of social security. He shall be entitled to grow up and develop in health; to this end special care and protection shall be provided both to him and to his mother, including adequate prenatal and postnatal care.* This sounds like mostly for Mothers, but *think, think,* just exactly where would children be without prenatal Mothers? NOWHERE. And prenatal Fathers are not so absolutely necessary. The first Nowell would have been in a sanidary, recently-modern hospital if people had only had the U.N. then. The Massacre of the Holy Innocents would be absolutely an object of forbiddance and mortal sin, under penalty of the law.

PRINCIPLE 5: *The child who is physically, mentally, or socially handicapped shall be given the special treatment, education, and care required by his particular condition.* In the intersts of the questioning mind, one has to admit that this principle is hard: because:—"physically handicapped" means crippled and those children, they say, have to go to special schools for crippled children:—"mentally handicapped" means retarded, and those children have to go to special schools for retarded children:—"socially handicapped" means Negro in the South, but, as is well-known, those children have to come *out* of special schools for Negro children in the South. Does that make sense for physicals and mentals to go in yet for socials to come out? Not that who are we to critisise, never less, may be grown-ups should clarify there thinking on the topic.

PRINCIPLE 6: *The child, for the full and harmonious development of his full personality, needs love and understanding. He shall, wherever possible, grow up in the care and under the responsibility of his parents, and in any case in an atmosphere of affection and of moral and material security.* Payment of state and other assistance to ward the maintenance of children of families is desirable. This one may seem to say a lot of things one already knew, like "love and understanding," etc. etc. etc., but the important thing after all, is that it is still on the side of children, other words: Sprit of Chrismas. One may well ask ourself, although, about assisting (paying) people of large families (personally in our favor), which if they do, they have to make there mind up about populations exploding. For, besides the joys of parenthood, if you get paid too, where will it all end?

PRINCIPLE 7: *The child shall be given an education which will promote his general culture and enable him on a basis of equal opportunity to develop his abilities. The child shall have full opportunity for play and recreation, which shall be directed to the same purposes as education.* It is hard to see how the U.N. missed the things wrong in this, unless there wrist was getting tired from writting. *Wrong thing No. A:*—There absolutely just isn't anything equal in people's opportunity to learn culture that would be general. Like in West Hartford, U.S.A., culture is French, Mythology, Music, Hiawatha, and things like that but in Wildest Africa culture is Hunting lions, Shrinking heads, Building huts of clay and wattles made, and things like that, none of which there is any of in West Hartford. (Even if there was some way this could be arranged, it would not be very fair to Wildest Africa children.) *Wrong thing No. B:*—(the part about play and recreation). Unforch, as even the dumbest know, play and recreation that is directed always turns out into one thing:—RELAY RACES.

PRINCIPLE 8: *The child shall in all circumstances be among the first to receive protection and relief.* Vere dignum et justum est. (Altarboy's joke by John. Others, except priests, look it up.)

PRINCIPLE 9: *The child shall be protected against all forms of neglect, cruelty, and exploitation. He shall not be the subject of traffic in any form.* (It is a known fact that sometimes children run right strate across *without* looking *both* ways: *Think:* nothing is black and white: all is grey.) Next part: *The child shall not be admitted to employment before an appropriate minimum age.* This is one of the most absolutely Sprit of Chrismaslike things the U.N. ever said in its life. For NOTE:—Employment means working for *money.* How far far worse indeed, therefore, is the involatory slavitude children have to do Satadays, not only for no money, but not getting their riteful allowance if they don't. This also shall be changed by law.

■

The first Nowell would have been in a sanidary, recently-modern hospital if people had only had the U.N. then.

■

PRINCIPLE 10: *The child shall be brought up in a spirit of understanding, tolerance, friendship among peoples, peace, and universal brotherhood, in full consciousness that his energy and talents should be devoted to the service of his fellow men.* These sweet and nobble words show how the Uniteds have even *improved* the Sprit of Chrismas. For in olden days, you were supposed to love your fellow men (even the ones you couldn't stand) yet use your energy and talents for you and yours, which you had to, the world being such a mess. In our day, you only have to have a sprit of tolerace, friendship, etc. etc. etc., and even that you only have among peopleS, much more practical than among peoplE, if you get our meaning (see letters we put in capitals). Also, the new laws of the Governments of the U.N. will take care of things like nutrition, housing, and other postnatal care of you and yours, so there will be nothing left to do except be devoted to the service of your fellow men.

Thus we see, the U.N. Declaration of Rights of the Child is in the true Sprit of Chrismas, and also cinchy. **NR**

The reprinting of a Christmas piece by the late Aloïse Buckley Heath is a NATIONAL REVIEW tradition. Her collection *Will Mrs. Major Go to Hell?* is available from NATIONAL REVIEW Books.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GORES

Year after year, you know our tradition—
We send out a rhyme, a Christmas edition,
Filled with family news of the just-finished year,
Only something has happened to dampen our cheer.

Not "something" but "someone," to be more precise.
Someone has done something not very nice.
Someone has taken our Christmas away.
Someone has led New Hampshire astray.

It's, sadly, Bill Bradley.
That's who it is,
Who has stunk up the party and let out the fizz.
But do any of you know just who he is?

He'll take your money! He'll raise your taxes!
I'm totally serious! The one thing he lacks is
A twirling mustache and a black cape and hat.
There's something NOT RIGHT about a delivery so flat.

And talk about programs! His are quite rotten!
No more subsidies for wheatgrass and cotton.
He's no friend of farmers, of workers, of gays,
Of blacks and Latinos, youngsters and greys.

If you're a senior, this is no joke.
He'll stop your checks; you will die broke.
I'll increase your Medicare, even give it a raise,
You'll get checks till the end of your days.
Remember this: No one but Al can
Keep you from dining on leftover Kal-Kan.

That's me, Al, as in "Alpha,"
Male as in "man."
Consultants are trying as hard as they can
To make me sound more like a regular guy,
Like someone without a stick stuck up so high.

How did this happen? What wrong turn did I take?
This was all supposed to be one big piece of cake.
I had the money, the funders—I'll list them.
Now my entire campaign's on a life-support system.
Me! I invented the Internet! The light bulb! The Post-it!
I've won three Oscars! Next year I will host it!

What about software? Linux and Quicken?
Or how about a safe way to handle raw chicken?
I've invented them all! Me and just only me!
I'm a gift that keeps giving! I'm your own giving tree!
Ignore the multiple voices of those media cranks—
Make me the POTUS as a way to say "Thanks."

So won't you vote for me? Early and often?
And let what's-his-name's bounce falter and soften?

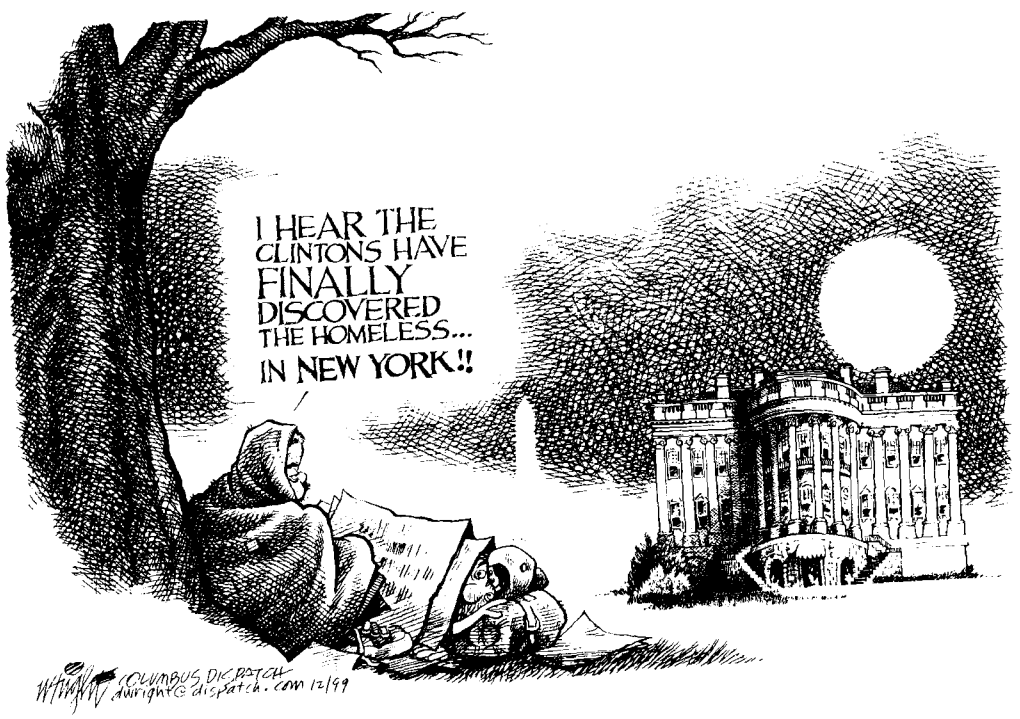
But enough about me. Let's talk about you.
Don't YOU want me to be president too?
Don't YOU think I'm special? Think I really have earned it?
If there was something to learn from the master I learned it.

I learned to say "yes" when I mean really "no,"
How to say "stop" when I actually mean "go,"
I took it all in, eight years of instruction,
In the political art of personal destruction—

Whew! Let's take a breath
And drop all this blather
About campaigns and pollsters
And wouldn't you rather
Think about Christmas? The holiday season?
I mean isn't that really the whole entire reason
We send out these cards? To all our supporters
And to a select few still-loyal reporters?
To them we say "Cheers" from the expanding Gore clan—
To you we say "Merry!" and "Happy!" and "Can
We all make a promise, to ourselves and each other
That next year we'll try harder to love one another?"
Give it a shot. What do you say?
(If it doesn't work out, we'll blame Y2K.)

We wish you good health and success, in a continuous loop,
And earth tones and high marks from your own focus group.
May you only get good news from your e-mails and faxes,
And don't forget Bradley wants to raise all your taxes!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



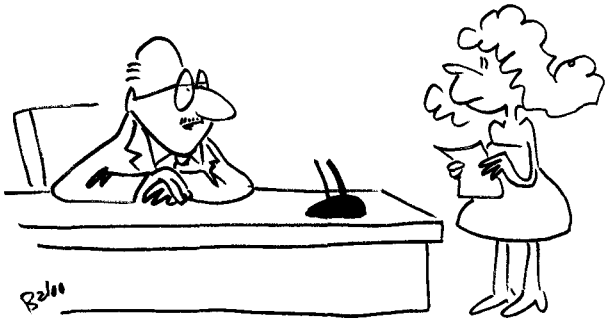
Surprising Seattle

It's so ultra-liberal,
Were it under sail,
It would permanently list
Toward the port side rail.
Such a shock, therefore, to see
Cops with pepper spray
Breathing like Darth Vader, bust
Matrons quite that way.

—W. H. von Dreele

© Mal Ent., Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Make eight copies, Miss Burton, and send the one with the fewest mistakes."

Thoughtful Gifts

Jolly old St. Nicholas,
Strictly entre nous,
When you root around that bag
For George W.,
Please include Dale Carnegie's
Helpful platform tips.
Twinkle if you must, but don't
Flap those dear old lips.

—W. H. von Dreele

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Good Booklets

JACK MILES

The Pocket Canons: The Books of the Bible, Authorized King James Version (Grove Press, $2.95 each, $24.95 the set)

In time for Christmas, Grove Press offers a boxed dozen small-print, small-sized (4" x 6") fascicles, each containing a book of the Bible in the King James Version and a brief introduction. Nine of the introductions are by novelists. The remaining three are by Bono, Thomas Cahill, and Kathleen Norris—a rock singer, a popular historian, and a memoirist.

The publishing plan evidently allows for some doubling up of shorter books (Corinthians 1 & 2 are combined) and considerable deletion from longer ones (68 of the 150 psalms have been dropped). Allowing for such adjustments, Grove can probably accommodate the 66 books of the King James Version in 60 fascicles for a total cost of $177, if purchased separately, or $125 in five boxed sets. Since the King James Version can be purchased at any bookstore for $20 or less, the appeal of this costly edition must rest primarily on the handiness of its pamphlet format and the effectiveness of its literary introductions.

Secondarily, of course, it rests on the continuing viability of a 17th-century translation. Many regard the King James Version as a masterpiece beyond all challenge. I confess that I am not among them.

Each of the Grove fascicles contains,

Mr. Miles, senior adviser to the president at the J. Paul Getty Trust, is the author of *God: A Biography*, which won a Pulitzer prize in 1996.

Bono by Roman Genn

verbatim, the same three-sentence encomium:

> The Authorized King James Version of the Bible, translated between 1603 and 1611, coincided with an extraordinary flowering of English literature. This version, more than any other, and possibly more than any other work in history, has had an influence in shaping the language we speak and write today. Presenting individual books from the Bible as separate volumes, as they were originally conceived, encourages the reader to approach them as literary works in their own right.

The first sentence in this paragraph is true. The second is debatable but defensible. (Because the Bible had had a massive cultural impact in England before English itself began to be spoken there, the King James Version may have to share the credit.) The third is problematical on two counts. First, no scholar believes that the book divisions in the King James Version coincide with the literary works of the Bible "as originally conceived." It is universally believed, for example, that Luke and Acts were conceived as a single work, not as the two works listed in the canon (with John coming between them). Second, no scholar believes that the books of the Bible affected English literature as separate, freestanding works. Long before the English language came into existence, the Bible had become *the* Bible in Western Christendom, the anthology functioning as a singular, definite literary and religious whole. Yes, the psalms were sometimes copied separately; so were the four Gospels. But Exodus or Amos or Ephesians alone? Even when the influence of the Bible in Europe was at its peak, separate publication of individual biblical books was generally unheard of.

These historical objections aside, the question remains: Is the King James Version really the best choice for a 21st-century reader? Those who are at home in the 17th century, the way certain English professors are, can easily translate its archaic locutions for themselves. A good many less learned readers, it would appear, are content to experience the King James Version as a kind of language poetry, allowing its cadences to wash over them without worrying too much about the sentence-by-sentence meaning. For both of these, the King James may remain the translation of choice. Those, however, who are less interested in the art of 17th-century prose than in the practice of 21st-century religion, grow impatient when they find themselves in doubt about the meaning of the text.

Consider, for example, 1 Corinthians 9:3–7 in the King James Version:

> Mine answer to them that do examine me is this. Have we not power to eat and to drink? Have we not power to lead about a sister, a wife, as well as other apostles, and as the brethren of the Lord, and Cephas? Or I only and Barnabas, have we not power to forbear working? Who goeth a warfare any time at his own charges? Who planteth a vineyard, and eateth not of the fruit thereof? Or who feedeth a flock, and eateth not of the milk of the flock?

BooksNow
To order these books, (24hrs, 365 days) please call (800) 962-6651 (Ext. 3700) or visit us at http://www.booksnow.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are you swept away by the cadence of this prose, or do you find that the paragraph, as you read it, keeps going in and out of focus? Here, for comparison, is the *New Jerusalem Bible*'s translation of the same passage:

> To those who want to interrogate me, this is my answer. Have we not every right to eat and drink? And every right to be accompanied by a Christian wife, like the other apostles, like the brothers of the Lord, and like Cephas? Are Barnabas and I the only ones who have no right to stop working? What soldier would ever serve in the army at his own expense? And who is there who would plant a vineyard and never eat the fruit from it; or would keep a flock and not feed on the milk from his flock?

Some readers will readily understand "power to forbear working" as "the right to stop working," but others, more numerous, will not. Some will correctly understand *charges* in the sentence "Who goeth a warfare . . . ?" as a reference to fiscal expenditures, but others will think of cavalry charges and wonder what they are missing.

The Pocket Canons (oddly plural inasmuch as only one canon is involved) has no title-page editor. In other words, this edition is transparently a publishing-house project, and what most commends the King James Version to the publishing entrepreneur is that it resides in the public domain. More recent versions are all under copyright, and publishers aggressively collect from those who wish to reprint or even quote from their editions. The author of a book in which 25 percent of the text consisted of quotation from the Anchor Bible Gospels would owe Doubleday a royalty of 25 percent. Had Grove used the Anchor Bible instead of the King James Version for *The Pocket Canons*, it would have owed Doubleday, by my estimate, just under 91 percent of the proceeds. Rates like that have a way of quickly kindling a publisher's fondness for 17th-century prose.

But what, finally, of the literary introductions? Collectively, they are an impressive testimony to the continuing life of the Bible in the memory and literary imagination of England and America. Individually, they vary considerably in quality. The worst—E. L. Doctorow on Genesis and Doris Lessing on Ecclesiastes—are good but dutiful, the discharge of a chore perhaps agreed to in a weak moment. The best—David Grossman on Exodus and Barry Hannah on Mark—engage an issue that is of personal importance to the writer and that found prior and lasting expression in the text under consideration. Israeli novelist Grossman speaks poignantly of the contradictory Jewish desires to blend in and to stand apart—to live in the great world, the "Egypt" of the day, and to escape it. Hannah, a self-described "bad Christian," closes his commentary on Mark—"a brutal and exquisite work," as he calls it—with a rough but affecting poem.

Several writers embrace the frequent violence of the Bible with a kind of defiance, often adding a gloss from personal reminiscence. Darcy Steinke links John to the moment when her father, a minister, drove to the home of an elderly suicide with the girl Darcy in the front seat beside him. Charles Frazier links Job to Jonathan Edwards's scathing sermon "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God" and to the darker side of his own Appalachian childhood. Francisco Goldman connects the fierceness of Matthew to the savagery of guerrilla warfare in his native Guatemala. Kathleen Norris revels (forgive the pun) in the mythic violence of Revelation, which, she believes, "uncovers the world as it is, and reveals to us our true condition." It is not that these writers actively defend Biblical brutality. But their distaste for *bien-pensant* agnosticism and unexamined materialism makes them hold aloft those passages which might make good exhibits for a scandalous Brooklyn Museum show called "Biblical Sensation."

There are sunnier moments. Bono recalls a not-unhappy upbringing in a mixed marriage in Dublin and tells of how "40"—the Psalm-based U2 concert-closer—came to be written. Being in a rock band is, for him, "a different kind of religion" and "not pseudo-religion either." The redoubtable Fay Weldon is amusing and then touching with the unfeminist Paul of Corinthians in her clutches.

And yet, finally, there is less here than meets the eye. Gathered together as a separate book, these mini-essays—many no longer than this review—would make a far smaller, far more informal alternative to *Communion*, the huge anthology of literary essays on the Old and New Testament edited by David Rosenberg and available from Barnes & Noble at the remainder price of $6.98. At $6.98 (and bring your own translation), the twelve essays of *The Pocket Canons* might be worth having. At $24.95 for the set, they are grossly overpriced except perhaps for the reader who wants to have a morsel of Holy Writ on his or her person at all times. I am not such a reader, and so cannot welcome this package as a *vade mecum*. If you are, then *vade tecum*, and *prosit lectori lectio*. **NR**

King (Cole) of Pop

PETE HAMILL

Nat King Cole, by Daniel Mark Epstein (Farrar, Straus, 433 pp., $27)

In some ways, the story of Nat King Cole is as familiar as that of Faust. The turning point of the drama is a moral choice: whether to sell one's soul to the devil in exchange for earthly riches, fame, and power. Jazz purists believe that Cole made a deal with the devil, but if so the reasons are not made clear in this blurry biography by Daniel Mark Epstein.

The blur is not entirely Epstein's fault: Cole kept no diaries, apparently wrote few letters, and restricted his interviews to the usual banal blather about his career. The reader must search for motives between the lines. One motive is apparent from the bald facts of Cole's story: the permanent and multiple hungers that afflicted millions of Americans who went through the Depression. This generational imprint was compounded by the special situation of talented African Americans of the era. It wasn't enough to be rich; one had also to be accepted by the white majority.

The chronicle of Cole's passage to acceptance dominates this book, which

Mr. Hamill is author most recently of *Why Sinatra Matters* and *Diego Rivera*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is more a biography of the career than of the man. We learn that Nathaniel Adams Coles (the family name was spelled with an "s") was born on St. Patrick's Day, 1919, in Montgomery, Alabama. His father was a hard-working, righteous man who wanted to serve the Lord, and he soon took his family north to Chicago, where he became a preacher.

The family was not impoverished. Nat's older brother Eddie learned to play bass fiddle, an expensive instrument. There was an upright piano in the home, and family legend insisted that Nathaniel could play by ear when he was 4. The Coles boys had the good fortune to find the path to the band room of Wendell Phillips High School and the rigorous presence of Maj. N. Clark Smith, who insisted that his charges learn to read music and understand theory (other pupils included Lionel Hampton and bassist Milt Hinton). Eddie was soon playing bass with jazz bands in the local clubs. Nat was learning piano at home, and listening very hard.

What did he hear? Epstein can't resist hyperbole. He calls Chicago in 1935 "the jazz mecca of America at the very moment the music had achieved a peak of perfection it could not sustain or regain, ever." He further asserts that Chicago in Cole's youth was host to "the greatest gathering of musical genius America has ever known, in its most creative decade." This is a declaration of Epstein's taste, but for me it is simply not true. Prohibition Chicago was a temporary home to one authentic musical genius: Louis Armstrong, a central figure in the evolution of jazz, an extraordinarily creative musician who was also an entertainer. None of the others—including Cole's personal model, Earl (Fatha) Hines—could compare to those of Cole's own generation as they assembled in the 1940s in New York: Charlie Parker, John Birks Gillespie, Max Roach, Bud Powell, Lester Young, Kenny Clarke, Thelonious Monk, Miles Davis, Dexter Gordon, and later, Clifford Brown, Sonny Rollins, and John Coltrane. Riding high in this company was the most intimidating of all pianists, a baroque genius named Art Tatum. It is very likely that Cole made his fateful choice to abandon jazz for pop commerce because he knew he could never be as good as Tatum.

All of that comes later in this often irritating book. Epstein's wobbly narrative begins on a night in 1935, when the 35-year-old Earl Hines and the 16-year-old Nat Cole shared a stage at the Savoy Ballroom in Chicago. Billed as a "Battle of Rhythm," the show pitted Hines and his orchestra against "Nat Cole, Chicago's Young Maestro and his Rogues of Rhythm." Hines was Nat's hero, his "musical father." We are told what Cole was wearing, and what Hines was thinking. (There are times when this doesn't quite ring true, as when Epstein writes: "A woman leaned over and whispered in Earl's ear. Wasn't there something about

■

Perhaps aware of his own musical limitations, Cole chose the path of popular success.

■

this boy, anyway, a power lurking?") The scene is vividly drawn, but we must wait another 40 pages to read about its conclusion. Between the curtain raiser and the actual performance we travel through all of Cole's childhood and youth. In his description of Hines, we get another sample riff of Epstein's own ripe style:

"The gift of Hines's piano to an orchestra was a matter of atmosphere, musical weather. His speed and dynamic control enabled him to surround the ensemble, lay green grass under it, spread a clear sky over it with sunshine or stars, of blow like a hurricane through an out-chorus. The delicate high descants of his piano could make a light spring rainstorm; then he would descend in bass decrescendos to violent thunder." Epstein tries hard to persuade us of Hines's mastery: "He played furious torrents and thick forests of notes, eighths and sixteenths; he cut them up so fine you could hardly tell they were notes anymore and not fluid ideas, like the grains of millet in Zeno's paradox."

Ah, well: It is never easy to write about music.

The narrative traces Cole's first paying gigs, his journey beyond Chicago with a touring company of the Sissle-Blake musical *Shuffle Along*, his first marriage (to a dancer ten years his senior), and his decision to remain in California when the company went bust. Cole apparently first heard Tatum in Los Angeles, but Epstein makes little of this. The career, including the years when Cole paid his dues in cheap dives for five dollars a night, is of greater interest to him than the art. Cole's style owed much to Hines, and probably to Teddy Wilson; nobody else could sound like Tatum. By the end of 1937, Cole had formed his own group, with Wesley Prince on bass and Oscar Moore on guitar.

The King Cole Trio played jazz, but it also provided entertainment; the intention was to please an audience. Occasionally Cole took to the microphone as a vocalist. Cole's first version of "Sweet Lorraine" was recorded in 1939 and would become his theme song. The trio made hundreds of radio transcriptions (not sold to the public). Cole, described repeatedly as athletic, was 22 when the war started, and he and his wife had no children. He got his induction notice in February 1943, but failed his physical owing, a bit mysteriously, to "nervous hypertension."

During the war years, Cole became a star. He wrote and recorded for Capitol Records a bright, infectious, upbeat tune called "Straighten Up and Fly Right." According to Epstein, this simple lyric "elevates Cole to the ranks of storytellers, preachers, and poets whose images are so primal and rich in associations that they endure in the memory and become part of the living inventory of the collective unconscious."

In 1946, Cole was suddenly presented with his great choice. He was still playing in jazz concerts with some of the emerging giants, including Parker and Gillespie. But in June he recorded "The Christmas Song," by Bob Wells and Mel Tormé, a lovely tune made lush with strings. By December it was number three on the national charts and more than a half-century later it remains a seasonal standard. Cole and his agents now saw the possibility that had eluded most African-American artists: the chance for a huge and enduring mainstream success. At the time, most black musicians were still being heard only on so-called "race" radio; the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE OFFER

Break the Big Media Cartel

go to NewsMax.com

"NewsMax.com and *Vortex* are an important source of new news – a must read for opinion-makers."

— noted journalist Arnaud deBorchgrave

"NewsMax.com and *Vortex* are the best sources for news in America."

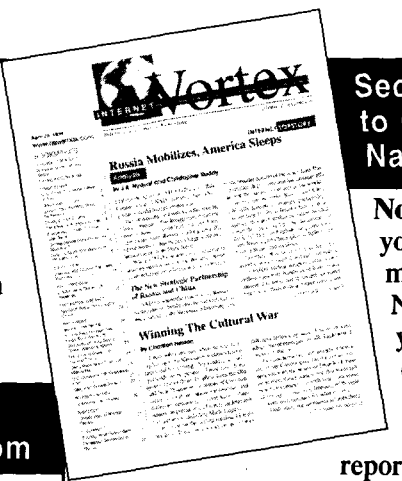
— Admiral Thomas Moorer

The days of liberal media domination are over. Now you can break the Big Media Cartel and join millions of others who are logging on to www.NewsMax.com. Edited by award-winning journalist Christopher Ruddy, NewsMax.com is breaking the stories the rest of the media are afraid to touch. Users of Deja.com have already rated NewsMax.com the #1 source for qualitative news on the World Wide Web.

Special Offer to Readers of National Review from NewsMax.com

Pay 5 cents for long distance – any day – any time from GTC Telephone. No gimmicks. No risk. Save money all the time. Call to sign up for 5 cents a minute long distance!

5 Cents a Minute Order Hotline
1-800-686-0151



Second Special Offer to Readers of National Review

Not on the web? That's OK – you can order *Vortex* – the monthly publication of NewsMax.com mailed to your home. In *Vortex* you can read the exciting news reports from NewsMax.com and special reports from Christopher Ruddy, Carl Limbacher Jr., Col. Stanislav Lunev, David Limbaugh, Michael Savage and many others.

Get your FREE four-month trial subscription to Vortex. No risk. No obligation.

Call 1-800-220-8343
to get your free trial subscription today.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

genius Tatum was forced to play in mobbed-up 52nd Street dives and their equivalents around the country. Perhaps aware of his own musical limitations, and still hungry from the Depression, Cole chose the path of popular success.

His personal life shifted with the choice. He divorced his wife, then met and later married a well-educated woman named Maria Ellington. The trio disintegrated, partly over money but also because of "artistic differences." In August 1947, Cole recorded the mystical ballad called "Nature Boy." It was a gigantic hit, but absolutely not jazz.

The rest of the story is one of earthly success. Cole recorded hit after hit. Sometimes the music was very good indeed; Nelson Riddle, who later did such marvelous work with Frank Sinatra, did many of the best arrangements, and there are a few brilliant tunes made with the Stan Kenton orchestra. But most of Cole's work in the 1950s was slathered with musical syrup, including heavenly choruses and anguished violins. He was singing what he thought the audience wanted to hear, not what he truly felt, and the strings served as a form of italics.

Soon Cole was accepted by the Hollywood establishment and its branch office in Las Vegas, where he played the main rooms, not the lounges. He hosted his own television show (which failed because sponsors refused to underwrite an African American). He filled movie parts. He sold millions of albums.

But there were troubles too: alimony troubles with his first wife, tax troubles, race troubles. His white neighbors tried hard to keep him out of a new house in Los Angeles's upscale Hancock Park. In Montgomery, racists assaulted him on a public stage. His mild response to the incident angered younger blacks already on their way to the militancy of the 1960s. Musical tastes were also changing with baffling speed. Most important was the arrival of rock 'n' roll in the mid 1950s, a rising wind that blew the saccharine formulas of Tin Pan Alley into oblivion.

By the early 1960s, there was a corrosive lack of conviction in the ballads. Unlike Sinatra, Cole just didn't seem to believe them anymore. The voice that had once sounded suave now sounded oily with the need for approval. The joyful buoyancy of the up-tempo tunes sounded forced. Cole wasn't expressing much that was important to him; he was just showing up to sing. He had some hit singles with wretched pseudo-country material: "Ramblin' Rose" and "Those Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Days of Summer." He lost money gambling. He fell in love with a Swedish woman who later starred on *Hee Haw*. He smoked a million cigarettes.

At the peak of his success, someone occasionally would remember in print how good Nat Cole had been at the high American art of jazz. Usually such a reminder was accompanied with a sneer, feeding the legend of Cole as a sellout. But the accusation prompts another question: Just how good was Nat Cole, the jazzman? The honest answer is: We'll never know. The existing jazz recordings present us with a player who was very good indeed, but never astonishingly original. He was, as Somerset Maugham once said about himself, in the front row of the second rank.

Perhaps Cole knew this, and if so, might have deserved applause for his self-awareness. Around 1950, he seemed to give up on himself as an artist and choose to be rich and famous. According to Epstein, he would go for long periods without touching a piano. Occasionally, he talked about reviving the trio and going back on the road to play jazz. He never did. Instead, he settled for being a slightly hipper version of Johnny Mathis. That decision gave him the various kinds of acceptance that he needed more than art.

Cole died of lung cancer on February 15, 1965, about a month short of his 46th birthday. He was buried two days later from St. James Episcopal Church on Wilshire Boulevard. His family was there, including his 15-year-old daughter Natalie, the girl he called "Sweetie." She would go on to become an accomplished singer, and 26 years later her electronically produced duet with her father on "Unforgettable" would help bring Nat Cole a new audience. At 15, flown home from boarding school, she could see around her in the pews the faces of many musicians and some of the great names of Hollywood. They all agreed he had the voice of an angel. That he did. **NR**

The Mythmaker

RANDY ROBERTS

Print the Legend: The Life and Times of John Ford, by Scott Eyman (Simon & Schuster, 656 pp., $40)

JOHN FORD'S career as a director spanned the American century. He got his first job in Hollywood in 1914, the same year that the assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand jump-started the Great War, and he directed his last film in 1971, when America was fighting in Vietnam. In between, his mythic vision of the American West helped to shape and define what it meant to be an American hero. John Wayne and Henry Fonda were the actors who embodied that ideal on-screen. Ford was the driving creative force that put them there.

But Ford himself was a man of profound and unpleasant contradictions. His films enshrined the ideal of community, but even when most fully engaged in the collaborative work of filmmaking, he remained an outsider. He was, said fellow director Frank Capra, "half-tyrant, half-revolutionary; half-saint, half-satan; half-possible, half-impossible; half-genius, half-blah; half-Irish, half-man—but all director and all American."

Frank O'Brien was one of Ford's star actors in the 1920s, and the two took a long tour of the Pacific together. As O'Brien later remembered: "I had known him . . . for nearly ten years. Yet after four months in which I was with him every second of every day, I think I knew less about him than ever before."

That was exactly what Ford desired—not to be understood. He seldom granted serious interviews, and when he did he spent most of the time deflecting good, honest questions, and lying. He said his real name was Sean Aloysius O'Feeney; it wasn't. He said he was born in 1895; he wasn't. He said he had served

Mr. Roberts, a professor of history at Purdue University, is author, with James S. Olson, of *John Wayne: American*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in World War I; he hadn't. He said he had spent some time at the University of Maine; he hadn't. Often he lied for no reason at all, to people to whom he had no need to lie. It was almost as if he were his own creation, a fictional character whose biography could be tinkered with endlessly. But it was also a way to keep everyone—his family, his friends, the world—at arm's length.

Print the Legend: The Life and Times of John Ford is Scott Eyman's attempt to unravel the life of the man and to evaluate his enormous body of work. Eyman has written other books about directors, cameramen, stars, and the industry, and his research is impeccable. He is brilliantly successful in detailing Ford's public life as an artist. Ford would have brushed off that characterization—striking instead some sort of silly laborer pose—but he *was* an artist, arguably the greatest that Hollywood has produced. From silent to talkie, from black-and-white to color, from two-reelers to widescreen, John Ford adapted and excelled.

■

John Ford made commercial hits by tapping into Americans' deepest dreams.

■

His life was like a four-part drama in which he played a different character in each act. In the first act he plucked his role from a Horatio Alger novel. He was born John Martin Feeney on February 1, 1894, in Cape Elizabeth, Maine, to Irish-immigrant parents. His early years were unexceptional—solid family, decent student, good athlete. But after finishing high school he left Maine for California, following in the footsteps of his brother Francis, "a randy black sheep" who had left home young, changed his name to Frank Ford, and was making a reputation for himself as an actor and director in Hollywood. Frank was smart and talented; he was also self-centered, sarcastic, and a mean drunk. Eyman suggests that John Ford "consciously modeled much of his behavior on Frank."

John Ford learned the movie business from the bottom up. He took the jobs that were offered and did what he was told, serving at one time or another as a propman, stuntman, actor, and assistant

THE NATIONAL INTEREST

Winter 1999/2000

The Jacksonian Tradition

And American Foreign Policy

by Walter Russell Mead

Leslie Gelb, president of the Council on Foreign Relations, was so impressed by this "highly original and quite brilliant" essay that he mailed advance copies to all 3,600 members of the Council. See what you think.

Also in this issue:

Conservatism and Foreign Policy

Samuel Huntington

James Kitfield *Gideon Rose*

THE NATIONAL INTEREST • P.O. Box 622 • Shrub Oak, NY 10588-0622 • USA
Tel: (800) 893-8944 or (914) 962-6297 • www.nationalinterest.org
One year (4 issues) for $26. Please add $10 for delivery outside the U.S. and Canada. 1299NR

A spyglass in the great naval tradition...

Adm. Nelson's Telescope (with table tripod) just $59.95*

***But read this ad for an even better deal!**

When Horatio Nelson fought the battle of Trafalgar, he used a telescope just like this to monitor the movements of the French-Spanish fleet. Our manufacturer has created a faithful replica of this famous scope. *Admiral Nelson's Telescope* measures about five inches in its "collapsed" position. When you extend the four sections to full length, the scope will be thirteen inches long and focused to infinity with needle sharpness. Everything will appear twenty-five times larger than it would to the naked eye. Compare that to standard binoculars which give you only 6x or 8x magnification.

The most amazing thing about *Admiral Nelson's Telescope* may well be its price. We are the exclusive importers of this outstanding optical instrument and are able therefore to bring it to you for just $59.95. **But we have an even better deal: *Buy two for $119.90 and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** If you have ever wanted to own a fine telescope, but found prices a little steep, *Admiral Nelson's Telescope* should be your choice. You'll get many years of good use and enjoyment from it.

• *The optics of* Admiral Nelson's Telescope *are "25x30" which means 25x magnification and the great light-gathering capacity of a 30mm objective lens. Admiral Nelson's telescope was made of brass. This replica is heavily chrome-plated for extra beauty and protection. The scope comes with a belt-looped vinyl carrying case. For permanent mounting the scope comes with an extendable table-tripod.*

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER TOLL FREE
(800) 797-7367 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.
OR FAX YOUR ORDER TO: (415) 643-2818

Please give order #1069F307 for *Admiral Nelson's Telescope*™. Give Visa/MC number and expiration date and daytime phone # for all orders. Add $4.95 for one, $9.90 for three for ship./ins. (plus sales tax for California delivery). You have 30-day refund and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

Admiral Nelson's Telescope™ is the outstanding corporate gift of the year. We can apply your logo in quantities of 100 or more. Call Chris Simpson at (415) 643-2810 for more information!

since 1967
haverhills®
2360 Third St., San Francisco, CA 94107

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

director. He learned fast and well, and by 1917 was directing two-reelers for Universal. He moved into feature production after joining forces with Harry Carey, a popular western star. The two made more than 20 films together, and by the mid 1920s Ford was an established director. Then in 1924 he directed *The Iron Horse*, a memorable epic about the building of the transcontinental railroad. Before the first talkies, Ford was near the top of his profession. By the end of the decade he had demonstrated that he could handle major themes, craft distinctive films, and—most important in Hollywood—make commercial hits by tapping into Americans' deepest dreams.

In the second act of Ford's career he played the New Deal Democrat, or, perhaps more accurately, the Irish-American Democrat. During the first half of the 1930s, he directed such beloved Depression-era stars as Will Rogers and Shirley Temple, showing Americans how to face adversity and smile at the same time. With the exception of the beautifully filmed, darkly symbolic *Informer*, most of Ford's pre-1939 movies have been forgotten by everyone save devoted film critics and Hollywood biographers. But between 1939 and 1941, Ford directed six films that are still remembered and watched: *Stagecoach*, *Young Mr. Lincoln*, *Drums Along the Mohawk*, *The Grapes of Wrath*, *The Long Voyage Home*, and *How Green Was My Valley*. Winning back-to-back Academy Awards in 1940 and 1941, he was the leading director in the industry.

The films also established Ford as the cinematic poet of America. He was Hollywood's answer to Walt Whitman, extolling the land and the people. Ford's Americans were Tom Joad and the Ringo Kid—the dispossessed and the misunderstood, the man on the street with a grumbling belly and the man with a rifle who seeks justice. Tight-lipped, intense Henry Fonda and loose-limbed, innocent, and dangerous John Wayne are Ford's heroes. His heavies are bankers and businessmen, owners of the means of production and money manipulators who get rich without sweating. Once again, Ford told Americans the stories they wanted to hear.

In Act III Ford played the patriot. *The Long Voyage Home* told America to prepare for war, and even before Pearl Harbor, Ford was in uniform. As head of the Field Photo unit assigned to the Office of Strategic Services, Ford made films that supported the war effort. He made training films and documentaries and, toward the end of the war, one feature production, but they all had a single purpose: to help win the war. Ford embraced the military; he put himself in harm's way and was wounded during the battle of Midway. He was probably more proud of the work he did during the war than of all his Academy Award-winning movies. Perhaps for once he embraced —and was absorbed into—something bigger than himself.

In Act IV Ford played a cross between an American Homer and an American Cassandra. His greatest films touched on the need for heroes and the lonely fate of heroes. His finest works of this period—*Fort Apache*, *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*, *The Searchers*, and *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*—are painfully sad because of their unflinching truth. The men who made America, Ford suggests, have no place in the America they made. Ethan Edwards in *The Searchers* and Tom Doniphon in *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance* are heroic but fatally flawed. Eyman notes that "the kind of men needed to master the wilderness are the kind of men that can only function in wilderness; they are men who civilization must expel." On one level Ford preserves their legend: "This is the West, sir. When the legend becomes fact, print the legend," says one of his characters. But on a deeper level he illustrates how the legend destroyed the individual. And he illustrated this at a time when his own legend was destroying him. Increasingly dependent on the star power of John Wayne, in failing health, with ebbing energy, Ford was becoming a dinosaur.

Perhaps he gravitated toward movies because they provided him with a world he could control. He could oversee script production and, if necessary, final editing. He could make actors do what he wanted them to do, say what he wanted them to say. And when one project was done, he could move on to another. Real life was not so neat, and Ford was not nearly so successful at it. It is difficult to view him as anything better than a mean, petty tyrant, quick to judge and slow to forgive. Eyman presents example after example of Ford humiliating and belittling actors, abusing friends, and mistreating his family. Save for stuntmen and military heroes, he respected very few people. He demanded complete, unquestioning loyalty, and for infractions small or simply imagined he cut people out of his life with surgical dispassion. In the end, he was an alcoholic who dropped his son out of his will and stood by and watched his daughter as well sink into alcoholism. Though he was loved by many, there is a real question as to whether he loved anyone in return.

Eyman does not have all the answers for Ford's complexity. In our therapeutic age, he resists the temptation to put Ford on a biographical couch. "He had a devotion to his own talent, which required that his wife and family tend to their place on the periphery," Eyman concludes. "Beneath the scary surface, he was a mushy sentimentalist, and beneath that was the hard, selfish core of the true artist." In the end, what Ford cared most about—his movies—survive. **NR**

■ CITY DESK ■

In Vitro Veritas

RICHARD BROOKHISER

MANY early Americans disliked Christmas. Boston banned it as popish. It was left to New York to discover that the way around these prejudices was not conversion, but secularism, rebuilding the holiday on family and *Gemütlichkeit*: Washington Irving created Santa Claus out of Dutch tradition and tongue-in-cheek, Clement Moore gave him eight tiny reindeer, and we were on the way to Pokémon stocking stuffers. Whether the season is about children or a Birth, it is appropriate while it passes to think sympathetically of women trying to have children, none harder than those in New York.

Nature's optimum age for human whelping, in terms of plumbing and stamina, is probably about, oh, 17. But maybe Nature doesn't always know what she's doing. You remember yourself at

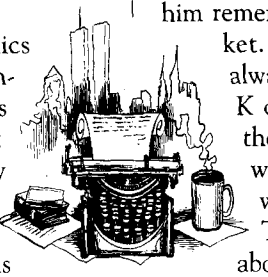
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

17; would you trust an infant to such a person? Throw out four years for a woman's college education; add her desire to put all that attainment to use, undistracted by feeding schedules. Add, finally, the elusiveness of men, untrained to be patriarchs and bemused by the last cover of *Maxim*. By the time a woman finds a potential father and decides to be a mother, she is often in her 40s. At that age, Dante had already been to Paradise and back.

A woman in this predicament can be anywhere, but she is easiest to find in New York, magnet for ambition and fountain of distraction. Once she decides to have a mid-life child, she had better be here, since she will need all the resources of Manhattan—MDs, money—to acquire one.

There are two routes, both passing through frontiers as bleak as the border of Macedonia. One is medical/technical. Organs that were once as willing to receive seed as trout are to swallow lures must now be primed and coaxed. Every method has its joys. Doctors' offices become arenas of humiliation. Do we know your husband's sperm count? Here is Miss February, come back with some specimens. Measurement invades the bedroom: If fertilization takes place at certain internal body temperatures, you become a Weather Channel for two. Or body parts themselves must make foreign expeditions: A mother-to-be submits her eggs for in vitro fertilization, undergoing what doctors are pleased to call a procedure. An operation to take them out, an operation to put them back, and we haven't even gotten to the second month yet.

When the prospective parents themselves cannot do the job, then they must call on others for sperm (William Shockley was a big donor; better check the label before you buy) or eggs. New York is a good place to shop for eggs, because of the number of college girls who need money and have brains (though how bright someone is who is willing to take drugs to stimulate her egg production is another question). Suddenly a simple couple explodes, at least temporarily, into a hippie commune, or a tribe of schismatic Mormons. Anxieties arise about the new auxiliaries: We barely know ourselves, what can we know of these fleeting in-laws? One friend of a friend, going the egg-donor route for the third time, worried that her latest donor had not gone to college. On the other hand, she was an Israeli, so she had been in the army instead: Was that equivalent?



While all these calisthenics are being choreographed, women are vulnerable to memories of teenage struggles with latex and pills to avoid the fate they now seek. They can't avoid seeing underclass girls, pushing strollers past high schools and welfare offices, who got pregnant as easily as the lovers of Zeus.

The other option is to turn to such girls, and adopt. An industry waits to connect New Yorkers with the straying daughters of the heartland. You begin by installing a separate phone line in your apartment (you don't want the call to come while you're reading e-mail). Then you run ads in dozens of Gannett newspapers. If you find a mother, it may be best to send her to Texas to give birth, since decisions to surrender a child there are instantly binding; a friend of mine who adopted from Florida knew that the mother had a year to whisk her child back. If you are Jewish, better soft-pedal it; most unwed parents are Christians. Should any bard of the class struggle decide to analyze these transactions, let him remember that it is a sellers' market. The would-not-be parents always screw an extra five or ten K out of their big-city marks in the home stretch (what are the would-be parents going to do—walk away from the deal?). The New Yorkers always ask about the child's pregnancy: Was there any drinking or smoking during it? The Nebraskans often lie.

But if there is love, more love can spring from even these grim materials. A single woman on the Upper West Side recently brought home a daughter from Siberia—a child of Eskimos—and presented her to society. There were the expected jokes about keeping her in the refrigerator, and feeding her Eskimo pies. Her hair and eyes were jet black. When she nuzzled, she rubbed noses. Fate threw her to a new world before she could crawl. God bless them, every one. **NR**

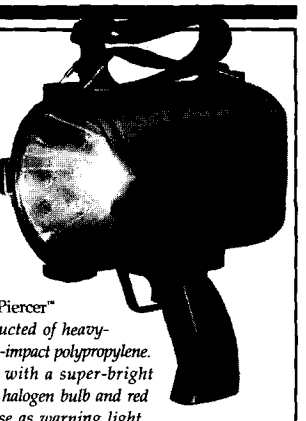
Almost as bright as the sun...

Night Piercer™

1 Million CandlePower Halogen Spotlight

only $69.95*

***But read this ad for an even better deal!**



The *Night Piercer™* casts a focused beam that can be seen for many miles. It is 20-times brighter than automobile headlights, more luminous than aircraft landing lights. This powerful light is indispensable for tracking and exploring unknown territory and for any contingencies at night, in plane, boat, truck, or car. With its red gel, the *Night Piercer™* can be a lifesaver in any emergency. The unit contains two sealed heavy-duty lead-acid batteries and can be recharged either through your household current or through the cigarette lighter socket of your car, RV or boat. Both adapters are included, of course.

• Night Piercer™ *is constructed of heavy-duty high-impact polypropylene. It comes with a super-bright 100-watt halogen bulb and red gel for use as warning light. 110-volt and 12-volt rechargers are also included.*

We import *Night Piercers™* in very large quantities and are therefore able to bring you this outstanding accessory for just $69.95. (Compare with our competitor's price of $99!). **But we have an even better deal: *Buy two for just $139.90 and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** The *Night Piercer™* should be your companion on all your travels. Don't leave home without it—order it today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER TOLL FREE (800) 797-7367 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. OR FAX YOUR ORDER TO: (415) 643-2818.

Please give order #1072F306 for *Night Piercer™*. Give Visa/MC number and expiration date and daytime phone number for all orders. Add ship./ins. charge of $9.95 for one unit or $19.90 for three units (plus sales tax for CA delivery). You have 30-day refund and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

For customer service please call (415) 643-2810. For wholesale orders, call Chris Simpson at that same number.

since 1967

haverhills®

2360 Third St., San Francisco, CA 94107

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

■ MUSIC ■

Wagner Time Again

JAY NORDLINGER

THE land of Wagner has its king and queen: Ben Heppner, a Canadian tenor, and Jane Eaglen, an English soprano. The Wagner-loving legions, as intense as any, are convulsed over these two. You would think that Wagner production itself were dependent on Heppner and Eaglen—and, in a way, it is.

A Wagner opera cannot be performed every day; it requires, obviously enough, Wagner singers, who are among the rarest animals in the vocal zoo. A *Bohème* is relatively easy: There are always Rodolfos and Mimìs around, even if they are not your favorites. But Tristans and Isoldes, and Siegfrieds and Brünnhildes, are another matter. You are lucky if you get one of each in a given generation. Sometimes you go without—and then the question becomes, Do we mount a production anyway, with inferior or inadequate singers, or do we wait until some swan comes riding in on a boat? Some people answer, Yes, wait: Do it right or not at all. Others respond, No, ragged Wagner is better than none—any port in a storm. There is merit in each argument, and those of us who care can yell for either side, depending on our mood.

But that question is now moot, because Ben 'n' Jane—or, to use a more appropriate order, Jane 'n' Ben—are here. Their first *Tristan und Isolde* took place in Seattle last year, and it was one of the most anticipated, most ballyhooed events in recent operatic history. Memories of Tristans and Isoldes past had faded: Jon Vickers, Wolfgang Windgassen, Lauritz Melchior; Birgit Nilsson, Kirsten Flagstad, Frida Leider—all distant. The fervent hope of the Wagnerites was that the Eaglen-Heppner pairing would "take." It was sort of like getting a couple of giant pandas together in the mating cage: The stakes were enormous, and a nervous public wondered, Will any good come of it?

Good, indeed, came of it. Eaglen and Heppner met with widespread approval, even rejoicing.

In November and December of this year, they took their act to New York, singing *Tristan* at the Metropolitan Opera under James Levine, the world's foremost conductor of Wagner. The opera had not been heard at the Met for 16 years. The team of Eaglen-Heppner-Levine may not be as wondrous as that of, say, Leider-Melchior-Wilhelm Furtwängler. But it is gladdening to report that Wagner has his champions once more.

Jane Eaglen is a soprano of many gifts, chief among them power. She may be heard on several recordings, including her debut album from 1996, a program of arias by Bellini and Wagner. This may seem an odd coupling, but Eaglen is making the point that she is essentially a lyric singer, and that the principles of bel canto—plain old good singing—apply to Wagner as well as to Bellini. She in fact proves that point with her singing.

The Great Wagnerian Hopes: Eaglen and Heppner

The first thing you notice about Eaglen is a marvelous evenness of sound, even a wall of sound. Also a regality. This is a big voice, one that commands attention. Her intonation is (for the most part) secure, and her breathing is exemplary, as demonstrated in the long, long phrases of Bellini's "Casta diva," from *Norma*. The voice is a little covered, a little hooded, in the classic English style, but it is luxurious.

Her problem, though, is that her singing is often lacking in character. She could stand a little more musical imagination. Her Norma, for example, is rather blunt and pedestrian, without that mystery that should emanate from the priestess. In the quick sections, she lacks bite and definition; all is fairly limp.

In another album, you will find Eaglen in arias of Mozart and Richard Strauss. Here we see—particularly in the Strauss arias—that she suffers from a lack of freedom, of abandon, in her singing. Where Leontyne Price, for example, takes flight, Eaglen stays stubbornly on the ground. Her account of the final scene from *Salome* is beautiful and correct—which is no sin—but it is also strangely indifferent, failing to convey the mad sensuality of the thing. Consider, too, the big aria from *Guntram*. Nothing in music is more heart-pounding than its final, rapturous notes—"Guntram, Guntram, ich liebe dich!"—but, from Eaglen: nothing. Just the notes. She could be singing about doing the dishes.

The same, however, might be said of her storied predecessor, Flagstad, who seems beyond the reach of criticism now, which is astounding for a singer who, whatever her gifts, could render some of the most inspired music ever penned as lifeless and unvaried as an expanse of Norwegian snow.

Ben Heppner's latest recording is a bit of a novelty disc: *My Secret Heart*, a collection of "songs of the parlour, stage and silver screen." This is Nelson Eddy territory, and Heppner, to his credit, traverses it without shame or condescension. The music here is obviously close to his heart, secret or not. He caresses these songs, and when he sings, "Dear one, the world is waiting for the sunrise," he seems to mean it. He even lends to such phrases as "The thrush on high his sleepy mate is calling" dignity and beauty. And

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when did you last hear a Noël Coward number end on a ringing high C?

Heppner's instrument—unlike, say, Melchior's—is not especially warm or rich, and, when he is not in form, it can get tinny and scratchy. He is an astute musician, though, and the Wagnerite contingent appreciates—though that is too mild a word—his stamina and will, which are absolutely necessary to surviving such roles as Tristan.

On the stage of the Metropolitan, Heppner did more than survive: He delivered a musically compelling, technically assured, and psychologically knowing performance. He is clearly a heldentenor—a tenor suited to the most physically demanding roles—but he is also a lyric one, which is all the better. Seldom did he push or strain. Absent was the barking so common to Wagner tenors—as common as roulades to coloratura sopranos. Over the course of five hours, he issued a seamless, gleaming, fully supported sound. Now and then it became pinched, but he was never in serious danger of cracking or crashing.

Eaglen, though, was rather less successful. She survived the part—no mean achievement—but did not offer a great deal more. Of power, she had plenty: She cut through Levine's orchestra, or rode over it, with ease. Yet there was little lushness to her voice, and she flattened out in the upper register—not in pitch, but in vibrancy (if anything, she sharped).

Worse, there was, as in the past, hardly any variety or characterization in her singing. Her concluding *Liebestod*—the "love-death" that is the apotheosis not only of Wagner but, arguably, all of Romantic music—was merely perfunctory, almost grudging, devoid of enchantment or bliss or transport. You wanted to grab her by the shoulders and say, "Come on, honey, this is the *Liebestod*!"

And yet, these shortcomings aside, Eaglen filled a difficult bill, and the Wagnerite masses screamed and screamed. They are not only grateful but relieved. Wagner, in a sense, is back in town. The old devil/angel would love it. No one caught in the spell of this work—and what man, woman, or child who has heard it is not?—could do anything but wish Heppner and Eaglen a long and prosperous reign.

It would be nice, though, if they brought along some friends. **NR**

■ FILM ■

Holiday Hustle

JOHN SIMON

GIVEN the preternatural plethora of holiday movies and their inordinate length, the best I can offer is a kind of checklist of those I've been able to see for your Yuletide guidance. To start with the cream: ***The Hurricane*** is the story of the black New Jersey boxing champion Rubin "Hurricane" Carter, who spent almost 20 years in jail for murders he did not commit. But for the self-sacrificing efforts of a black youth from Brooklyn and three white Canadians, he might have rotted there till his death. This true story is told with magnificent restraint in what may be Norman Jewison's finest directorial effort, with Denzel Washington superbly controlled in the lead and backed up by a fine supporting cast. The intelligent screenplay stays resolutely unhistrionic, and is all the more moving for it.

No less fine is ***Angela's Ashes***, from Frank McCourt's bestselling memoir of his dreadfully deprived Irish childhood. The book profited from its lack of self-pity and strong sense of humor; much of this survives in the screenplay by Laura Jones and the director, Alan Parker.

■

The Hurricane stays resolutely unhistrionic, and is all the more moving for it.

■

Parker's films have been wildly uneven, but here he sustains remarkable judiciousness throughout. Shooting on location in Dublin and Limerick, Michael Seresin captures the misery, grotesquery, and heroism of poverty with equal sharpness. The acting of both children and adults is nothing short of sublime, with

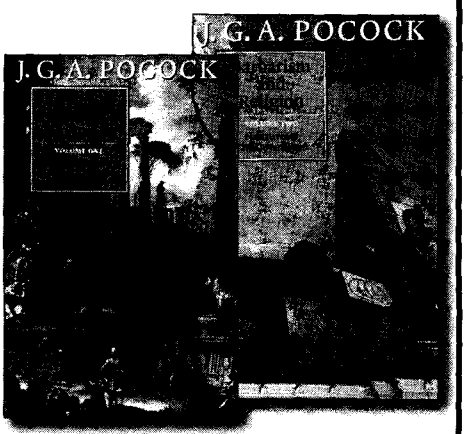
BARBARISM AND RELIGION

J. G. A. Pocock

"John Pocock is the doyen of contemporary intellectual historians. His eagerly awaited book is a major event in the study of Gibbon in his intellectual context."

– Professor John Burrow, *Balliol College, Oxford*

In the first volume, *The Enlightenments of Edward Gibbon* John Pocock follows Gibbon through his youthful exile in Switzerland and his criticisms of the *Encyclopèdie*, and traces the growth of his historical interests down to the conception of the *Decline and Fall* itself. The second volume, *Narratives of Civil Government* explores the historiography of Enlightenment, and looks at Gibbon's intellectual relationship with writers such as Voltaire, Hume and Adam Smith.



Volume 1: The Enlightenments of Edward Gibbon, 1737-1764
0-521-63345-1 Hardback Vol. 1 $49.95

Volume 2: Narratives of Civil Government
0-521-64002-4 Hardback Vol. 2 $49.95

0-521-77921-9 2 Vol. Hb Set $90.00

Available in bookstores or from

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

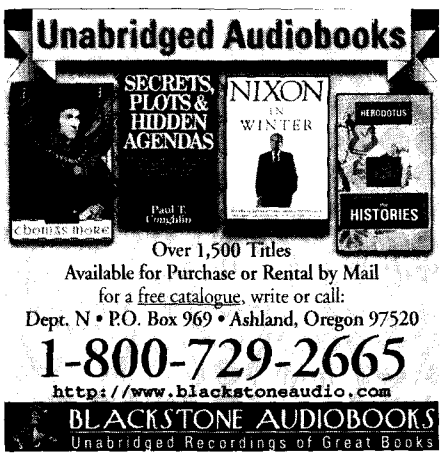
40 West 20th Street, New York, NY 10011-4211
Call toll-free 800-872-7423
Web site: www.cup.org
MasterCard/VISA accepted. Prices subject to change.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Joe Breen particularly haunting as young Frank, and Robert Carlyle and Emily Watson shattering as his parents.

Readers of John Irving's ***Cider House Rules*** may find the author's screen adaptation procrustean and bowdlerizing. But taken just as a movie, it charms and entertains, and still has a little edge left. Lasse Hallström, the Swedish director of the delightful *My Life as a Dog*, has floundered in Hollywood, but here recovers his footing with his favorite subject, children, specifically orphans, perfectly cast and directed. Michael Caine is first-rate as the humane but fallible doctor running the orphanage, and Tobey Maguire is immensely winning as the brainy orphan who becomes his assistant. The marvelous supporting cast includes Kathy Baker, Jane Alexander, and Delroy Lindo; Oliver Stapleton's camera captures the colors of New England to burnished perfection.

In directing ***Cradle Will Rock***, Tim Robbins deftly juggles the turmoil and fervor of the Depression-ravaged '30s in several public and private stories, historical and fictional. There are accounts of Marc Blitzstein's leftist opera, *The Cradle Will Rock*, which the authorities couldn't squelch, and of Diego Rivera's politicized Rockefeller Center murals, which were destroyed. Cherry Jones is wonderful as Hallie Flanagan, the embattled head of the Federal Theater, but Bill Murray, John Turturro, Ruben Blades, and Vanessa Redgrave are no slouches either in various historical or invented roles, and Emily Watson again breaks your heart. Only Joan Cusack and, as Orson Welles, Angus Macfadyen are disasters; otherwise, despite some oversimplifications, the film works.



The most effective movie adaptation of Jane Austen so far is Patricia Rozema's delicious ***Mansfield Park***. Nothing in Rozema's past foretold this winner, which takes considerable liberties with the novel and gets away with it. The heroine, Fanny, is made into an obvious Austen clone by having some Austen letters and diaries grafted onto her; strong anti-colonialism is interpolated; and there is diverse sexuality added or emphasized. But Rozema's script and direction are amusingly idiosyncratic and shapely, with crosscutting used more inventively and powerfully than usual. We get exhilarating cinematography by Michael Coulter, tasteful music by Lesley Barber, and flawless ensemble acting from a large cast featuring such beauties as Frances O'Connor and Embeth Davidtz, a splendid double role for the gifted Lindsay Duncan, and an astonishing performance by Harold Pinter in an atypical upper-class part.

Now for lesser achievements. Frank Darabont of *The Shawshank Redemption* tackles another Stephen King prison novel, ***The Green Mile***. This tale of several diverse prison guards and several no less diverse death-row inmates is intelligent trash. King cannot resist the supernatural—in this case the healing powers of a black giant wrongfully condemned to death (but many gray miles from *The Hurricane*)—yet even the realistic parts wallow in flamboyance that, at three hours, is a bit excessive. Tom Hanks heads a solid cast in which David Morse and Michael Clarke Duncan (as the giant) especially distinguish themselves. Thomas Newman's music is emblematic of the movie: sometimes clever, sometimes trite. The title derives from the green-painted floors leading to the electric chair; one botched-execution scene is almost unbearably harrowing.

The Talented Mr. Ripley, written and directed by Anthony Minghella, is a remake of René Clément's *Purple Noon*, based on Patricia Highsmith's admired mystery novel. In it, a nice but poor boy is sent to Italy by a millionaire father to retrieve his playboy son. But the virtuous youth, taken up by the jazz-loving and bisexually promiscuous ne'er-do-well and his would-be-writer girlfriend, develops a taste for the luxurious *dolce far niente* in a gorgeous seaside resort. Seduced by his newfound amenities, our hero cannot endure being just as suddenly dropped by the easily bored playboy, and, provoked by insults, kills him. He assumes his victim's identity and is gradually goaded into additional murders, and, though not without torment, gets away with them.

As in *The English Patient*, Minghella depends largely on lushly photographed picturesque surroundings. This time, however, he gets less good acting. Matt Damon works hard at conveying innocence dragged into viciousness, but does not quite convince at either extreme. As the main girlfriend, the hugely overrated Gwyneth Paltrow is abysmal. Still, Jude Law is excellent as the spoiled Lothario, and the travelogue through Italy's sea- and city-scapes is irresistible.

Lastly, the stinkers. Whatever the novel may be like, the movie ***Snow Falling on Cedars*** is a pretentious, artsy-fartsy catastrophe, with unconscionable visual and auditory distractions from the worthwhile story, for which the director Scott Hicks and his co-adapter Ron Bass should be hanged by their 20 thumbs. But the film also contains a performance by Max von Sydow that is as great as acting can get, well worth catching if you can keep from puking at the surrounding bilge.

Titus Andronicus is patently Shakespeare *at* love (a/k/a zero), though a clever stage production such as Peter Brook's (1955) can make theatrical history. Julie Taymor's film version, ***Titus***, can only make cinematic calamity. An imaginative theater designer (as for *The Lion King*), Taymor is no film director, and has had the awful idea of combining ancient Rome with the present, presenting cheek-by-jowl quadrigas and Mercedes-Benzes, togas and tuxedos, and so on ad nauseam. As Titus, Anthony Hopkins again hams it up: The Roman matrons who scared their kids with "Hannibal is at the gates" probably switched to *Hannibal Lecter ante portas*. Alan Cumming camps disgustingly as Saturninus, and Jessica Lange huffs and puffs as Tamora; the others do their bit, but are defeated by either the horror or the boredom of it all.

Tim Burton's ***Sleepy Hollow*** is easily the silliest film of the season, and P. T. Anderson's ***Magnolia*** is the most certifiably insane, to be avoided like the plague of frogs it includes. Merry Christmas! **NR**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEMORANDUM

To: All Classified Advertisers
From: Tony Savage

This is our last issue of the 20th century, and as is my year-end wont to do, I'm taking a bit of space here to thank all of you who've advertised your goods or services with us in 1999. Every year, in this little valentine, I say pretty much the same thing: namely, that my dealings with all of you have been consistently pleasant, and yet that is a truth worth repeating, and worth cherishing. Whether you ran a single ad in the Classifieds, or you've been with us for years, the maxim stands: You are uniformly fine people. And I very much appreciate not only your business, but also you. Whether we communicated over the telephone, or through the mail, the experience was always positive, and for that I am profoundly grateful. I do wish there were more of you, but perhaps the coming millennium will see a resurgence. Speaking of the future, we can all rejoice in the end of the "Bill Clinton Era"—although, in some ways, that's a shame, if only because there won't be such an easy, obvious target to pick on! But as long as we have an ever-expanding, all-intrusive federal bureaucracy, we'll have the Bad Guy to battle (and that, alas, won't change, either in my lifetime, or in yours).

So again, my sincere thanks to all of you who have availed yourselves of this forum, designed to bring together willing sellers and buyers. I hope the transactions initiated here were mutually beneficial.

May you all have a wonderful holiday season, and a new year flush with health, happiness, love, and prosperity.

HOTELS

HOTEL Bedford

Your Key To New York

118 E. 40th Street,
New York, NY 10016

Between Park and Lexington Avenues...on Manhattan's fashionable East Side. Ideally located for business, Fifth Avenue Shops, Entertainment and Fine Dining.

Special National Review Rates

Reservations: 800-221-6881(USA & Canada)
FAX (212) 697-1093

New York's all suite hotel located in the heart of the city, near corporations, theatre & great restaurants. Affordable elegance with all the amenities of home.

MURRAY HILL EAST SUITES
149 E. 39th St. (Bet 3rd & Lex) New York, NY 10016
Reservations 1-800-248-9999
Ask about our special National Review rates.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

CAREER BURNOUT? Home health business, serious income. Free information: 800-925-2494.

FINANCIAL

FREE DEBT RELIEF! Not a loan. Not bankruptcy. Lower payments and interest instantly. Private. Call Amerix Now. 800-570-3021 (Ext. 4326).

FOR SALE

"BILLYBAR SOAPS"
"After Bill Leaves... Let's Wash Up!!!"
Look for Hillary in here too!
www.billybars.com

SMART IS SEXY. Date fellow graduates and faculty of the Ivies, Seven Sisters, Stanford, M.I.T., University of Chicago, UCB, Northwestern, Johns Hopkins, medical schools and a few others. THE RIGHT STUFF: 800-988-5288. www.rightstuffdating.com

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS, linked nationally since 1970. P. O. Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039. 610-358-5049 or www.single-booklovers.com

ASIAN WOMEN Desire Marriage! Established 1984! Free Photobrochure! SUNSHINE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE, P. O. Box 5500-FH, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745-5500. 808-325-7707. http://sunshine-girls.com

MEET LATIN WOMEN! Mexico–South America. Free fotobrochures! 713-896-9224. www.tlcworldwide.com

LITERARY

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK

Pentland Press, Inc.
USA · ENGLAND · SCOTLAND
Established publisher can arrange the editing, design, publication, promotion, warehousing and distribution of your book. **Write to: Pentland Press, Dept.NR, 5122 Bur Oak Circle, Raleigh, NC, 27612 or call: 1-800-948-2786**

GOOD USED BOOKS—wide variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too. History, fiction, social science, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Send $2 for listings of 25,000 titles. Editions, Desk NR, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412. www.nleditions.com

UNRAVEL A MYSTERY! Armchair Detectives call for free catalogue of vintage to '70s mystery books. E-mail Cloak & Dagger: siralewker@ aol.com or phone: 914-371-0594.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

SMART TRANSCRIPTS. Accurate, prompt, researched. "20 years transcribing *Firing Line*." Call 540-464-8046, or e-mail: sharynh@cfw.com

RELIGION

LOOKING FOR A CHURCH that still teaches traditional values? Call the Anglican Catholic Church Information Center. 800-506-7616. www.anglicancatholic.orgm

T-SHIRTS & BUMPER STICKERS

THE 12-STEP PROGRAM is for recovery from ALL compulsive disorders. Send for five free bumper stickers about compulsive overgoverning. Box 3652, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27515.

ATTENTION INTERNET IMPRESARIOS & WEBMEISTER WANNABES

As we float giddily toward the Year 2000, and every Tom, Dick, & Harry on the planet is launching an Internet IPO, one clear fact remains: If your target audience doesn't know you're on the web, you might as well not be there. A recent front-page story in the *New York Times* detailed the dilemma, reporting that new Internet companies are spending tens of millions of dollars to advertise their existence. Well, a small ad in *NR*'s Classified section, announcing your website, would be infinitely cheaper.

Whether you're pushing
www.buymorestuff&behappy.com
or
www.stopbuyingstuff&startthinking.org
we don't care (within limits, of course!). The point is: If you want "hits," let them know where you are. Advertise your website with us, and you won't be sorry—unless you're promoting
www.hillary/gore/bradley/thefuture.gov

USE YOUR HEAD—USE *NR*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

More Trade with China?

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 16

THE news is that the China deal will be fought out not between our political parties but within them. Listen to John Sweeney, the lefty head of the AFL-CIO: The deal is a "grave mistake" and "disgustingly hypocritical." At the other end, within the GOP, Steve Forbes stresses that China has not "earned" the advantages of membership in the World Trade Organization, that "it is time for our government to reward freedom and democracy—not force and demagoguery."

The assumption is that the vote to okay the deal will narrowly get by in the House, where it will be opposed by blocs in both parties, but with majority support among Republicans. The Senate is likely to go along because its free-trade ethos is more pronounced than that of the House.

Now the lady trade representative who finally got the signature of Jiang Zemin is quite somebody, and it makes sense to understand exactly what has moved Ms. Charlene Barshefsky in her enthusiasm to consummate China's entry into the WTO. She is a professional of wonderful candor. She advised the president last April, when Jiang Zemin was in Washington, to proceed to back the WTO accord, but Clinton demurred. That was the cause, she told Congress, of the derailment. She explained this with a very nice crack: "Men never ask for directions, and we mistakenly bombed the Chinese embassy in Belgrade." That's the way for a subordinate to treat a recalcitrant president.

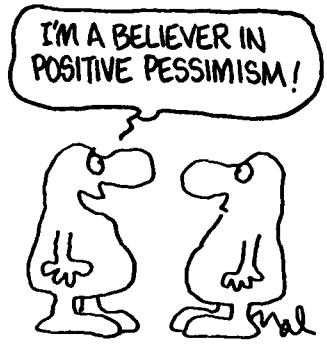
But the statement she made in Beijing on Monday is crystalline in language and perception. "We have to be realistic about the prospects for change in China because there are elements of the country that will never change." So much for gassy liberalism that expects cultures to bend pliably to reason and truth. Ms. Barshefsky said more of what is manifestly correct: "But what's the alternative? Let's punish China by not gaining access to its market? Who does that punish? I am cautious in making claims that a market-opening agreement leads to anything other than opening the market"—pause for one minute to admire that fleeted formulation. When you open a market, what you have accomplished is opening a market, nothing necessarily more—"It may—it could have a spillover effect—but it may not. And we've got to understand that."

Here, then, is the question our legislators have to ask themselves: Assuming that admitting the Chinese into the World Trade Organization does nothing at all to expand human freedoms, nothing to alleviate the repression of religious persecution, nothing to strengthen the claims of dissent, is it nevertheless wise to proceed?

A generation ago some of us argued that to trade with the Soviet Union was mistaken because what Moscow most needed was economic nutrition, and why should we give them that when we were facing a country explicitly at war with the free world?

Does that reasoning apply to China? Many cold warriors think not, because China is not fired by the global ambitions that Lenin charged the Soviet Union to accept. China's policies derive not from an afflatus to rule the world. They derive from a mix of Communist centralism, fanatical Maoist improvisation, and Oriental despotism. There is no questioning China's efforts to modernize its military machine, but its geomilitary passions are irredentist rather than expansive. What it wants is to reincorporate Taiwan and to have attained a mutually assured destruction capability with which to tell the United States to get out of the way. It is inconceivable that membership in the WTO would have the effect of accelerating military development in China. Totalitarian powers with resources will develop their bombs and their missiles on their own, or with the help of unscrupulous suppliers.

Which leaves us, then, with the economic argument. It is disappointing that the presumptions in favor of free trade aren't more readily adduced here. The WTO is an idea that the United States has championed on the grounds that American industry—which means also, of course, American workers—stands to benefit from free trade. If China will, under the proposed agreements, buy American agricultural production, then American farmers very directly benefit. If American banking practices result in more automobiles in China, we stand to benefit. If China continues to sell here but continues to frustrate imports, then—as Milton Friedman points out—American consumers are getting what they want and China is merely accumulating dollars.



What is needed now is stern attention in all international councils to Chinese practices in human rights. China is the largest oppressive power in the world, and this is not a stigma that the exchange of trade erases.

Britain's Blair Promises More

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 26

WHY did President Clinton go to Florence to smooch with the socialist leaders of Europe? The tradition is for our leader to deal with leaders of other nations individually. Joint action is the stuff of military alliances and the United Nations.

Moreover, the meetings in Florence were ideologically exclusive. The prime minister of Portugal, for instance, was not included—because he is a conservative. If a Conservative still reigned in Great Britain, he would not have been invited. But Bill Clinton was. He is not a European and he is not, in the general understanding, a social democrat. In Florence there were two major players: the German prime minister, suffering from bad political showings in recent by-elections, and Tony Blair, fresh from his Labour Party conference at Bournemouth.

How does it fare with the Left in Europe? The most direct expression of ideological purpose was Blair's. His speech in Bournemouth has been insufficiently noticed in this part of the world. There is the evident itch to pare down traditions. The House of Lords is for all intents and purposes abolished. The craze to abolish foxhunting continues. Mr. Blair releases the convicted IRA terrorists, notwithstanding the refusal of their leaders to surrender their arms. The royal tradition is . . . touched up a bit. Henceforth the firstborn will be sovereign even if a female. And it is suggested that the oath disavowing Catholicism will go.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now, the party conferences in Great Britain are analogous to our political conventions. The rhetoric is highly charged, tribal lore is pawed over, and ideological reductionism cheered. Tony Blair's political mandate in September was to fire up his party for the next election, a year and a half away, which, were he to win it, would give the socialists two consecutive full terms in office for the first time in history. The curiosity at Bournemouth was: In what direction will the British go? Tony Blair was welcomed two years ago as a softener of the old militant socialist line. He did not, on taking office, set out to resocialize the basic industries of Great Britain.

Where is he now heading, and what do he and Mr. Clinton have in common?

The scent of Tony Blair's speech was nicely compressed in his assertion that the Conservative Party of Great Britain is the party of "foxhunting, of General Pinochet, and of hereditary peers—the unbeatable, the unspeakable, and the unelectable."

You can hear, can you not, such things being said at Democratic party conventions? The device here is hoary, the idea being to designate opposition to government policy as generated by base motives. That is a universal technique (if you oppose a minimum wage, you are moved to do so because you are indifferent to the standard of living of entry-level workers). What the Labor representatives wanted to know was: What does Tony Blair have in mind for Great Britain?

But first, how does Mr. Blair view British voters who do not favor his party? Tom Utley of the *Daily Telegraph* listed Blair's "conservatives" as made up of "cynics, snobs, General Pinochet, car drivers, the elite, anti-Europeans, and the Establishment." Conservatives are people who imprisoned Nelson Mandela and who made up the forces that murdered Martin Luther King. In contrast, the progressives will side with old pensioners and young people. Among Blair's concrete proposals is a discount card that can be used by 16- to 18-year-olds to induce them to stay on at school. That card will give them discounts in shops and on buses and in movie houses.

Mr. Blair, like Bill Clinton, feels the pain of the deprived. He brought the audience to a standing ovation with his description of his job as prime minister: "It's a pressure. But it's a privilege, too. There is no greater privilege than serving your country. And there is no greater purpose than realizing your potential. You'll see me on TV, getting on and off planes, meeting presidents and prime ministers, kings and queens. It's all part of the job. But the part that matters most to me is getting my sleeves rolled up and pushing through the change to our country that will give to others by right what I achieved by good fortune."

What Mr. Blair and Mr. Clinton have visibly in common is a monomania, a transfixion with oneself: "While there is one child still in poverty in Britain today, one pensioner in poverty, one person denied their chance in life—there is one prime minister and one party that will have no rest . . . no sense of mission completed."

There is there, as with political parties and their leaders who view the government's role in life as the dominant public concern, that sense of it, that the shepherd of human welfare is the government.

John Edmonds, a labor-union leader, praised Blair's "missionary zeal" and said that "he thought he had heard a hint of socialism." You don't have to own everything. You need only regulate everything.

Enter the Commerce Clause

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 30

THE Supreme Court will need to rule on an interesting conflict, or maybe it should be termed a distraction. Who makes foreign policy? And can foreign policy be done by constituent governments within a federal system, applying individuated concerns?

In the *New York Times* rundown on the question we are reminded of the existence of "Burma laws." During the '60s and '70s decisions not to trade with South Africa were made at every level. They began for the most part with universities, which one by one were directed by trustees, often acting on student pressure, to divest their portfolios of stock in South African companies. Corporations got into the act, some announcing that they would cease doing business in South Africa. And then—individual states moved in with complementary boycotts. The Burma law in question before the Supreme Court is that of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, whose legislature forbids any trade with the country that used to be Burma, namely Myanmar.

This decision riled the National Foreign Trade Council. Thirty-four members of the council were victims of the Burma law, ordered to restrict their purchases in Myanmar. So they went to court and got a favorable ruling from Judge Sandra Lynch, who denied the authority of an individual state to venture into a field that is properly preempted by the federal government, allotted its jurisdiction by the commerce clause of the Constitution.

Now the commerce clause has been an instrument of considerable abuse. Everybody recognizes that interstate traffic is a responsibility of the federal government. But during the '30s, the prehensile New Deal managed to go so far as to interpret the commerce clause as giving the Feds the right to regulate aspects of elevator traffic.

About Myanmar, one needs to make very precise distinctions. If colleges, or corporations, or civic groups back commercial restrictions on Myanmar, that is their own business. But a state properly yields to action on this front by the federal government, and it happens that in the matter of Myanmar, Washington has elected, in the words of Judge Lynch, to "rely on both carrots and sticks." We are reminded that there are 39,000 different governments in the United States and it would be pretty chaotic to have each one of them writing restrictions on trade.

The commerce clause is going to get another workout in days ahead because the pressure mounts to end, two years from now, the measure extending tax immunity to commerce over the Internet. The estimated trade over the Internet this holiday season will amount to at least $4 billion, triple the amount spent last year. That is a lot of swag tripping lightheartedly over state borders, and there is talk of individual states attempting to involve themselves in the traffic with a kind of aerial transfer tax.

Of course, Washington could simply take over the whole business, congressional authority being supreme in the matter of interstate commerce. But individual states might plead their case, and even attempt to do so by legislation. If you live in Connecticut and buy furniture in Massachusetts, you are legally bound to pay a purchase tax to Hartford. But this is never done, in practice. But what if Hartford were to attempt to quantify commerce delivered to Connecticut residents from other states in the Union?

The mere thought of the calculations required to straighten out all of that renews our gratitude to the Founders, who acknowledged that in some questions—not many, but some—only a central voice can effectively write policy. The instinct to apply individual sanctions shouldn't be discouraged. The idea of boycotts is thoroughly democratic and justified. There are situations in which, for strategic reasons, the government can go in one direction, but the people must be free to go in another. What products Myanmar sells to the people of Massachusetts doesn't spring to mind, but whatever they are, we are all free to spurn them.

—UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE

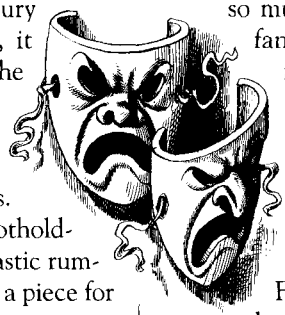
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

■ THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER ■

FLORENCE KING

DEAR Gentle Readers: 'Tis that season again, and I'm all ready for it. Most people get out their box of tree lights at this time of year, but I got out my box of quotations to find something suitable to kick off my Christmas letter to you.

It didn't take long. With a new millennium upon us, the winner is Oscar Wilde's accurate prediction that he would die before the end of 1900 because: "If another century began and I was still alive, it would really be more than the English could stand."



The first order of business is to thank you for your housewarming cards and gifts. I love the fridge magnets, potholders, dishcloths, and that fantastic rum-soaked fruitcake: I just drank a piece for breakfast.

The move could not have gone more smoothly. The company charged just $100 an hour for four men, and they all introduced themselves and shook hands when they arrived. They worked so fast that the bill came to only $300, and they were surprised when I tipped them each $10. Civility is not dead everywhere. The next time a Southern newspaper calls me for a comment on that standard Sunday feature, "Is the South Still the South?," I intend to give a resounding "Yes!"

My new apartment is a duplex, 2BR as before, but smaller and newer, hence easier to keep clean. The old one was a huge barn with woodwork and molding that collected dust, and more doors than a Vincent Price movie. The doors also had little decorative ledges that collected still more dust. It would have been an ideal place to test the housekeeping advice of the late memoirist Quentin Crisp ("After the first four years the dirt doesn't get any worse"), but cleanliness, despite the ever-present risk of godliness, is a priority with me.

Not so aesthetics, which explains what I used for a living-room "window treatment," as decorators say. A shower curtain. Not the plastic kind, but the fabric kind that requires a liner when used as intended. I like it. It goes with the rug and it's easy to open and close—just give it a slap.

My old building was tucked into a side street, but now I'm downtown amid the city noises I love. Conservatives are supposed to underwrite William Cowper's "God made the country, and man made the town," but total silence distracts me so much that I need an exhaust fan on at all times for "white noise." One of my earliest memories is the streetcar rattling over the end-of-the-line switch outside our windows, and the driver reversing the wicker seats with screeching slams. Fredericksburg has nothing that good, but I'm on the main drag to the hospital and get a lot of sirens.

Before deciding on this apartment, I looked at another that was really, really downtown—in the balcony of the newly renovated old movie theater. It was practically a penthouse; a circular steel staircase winding up to 2BR, each with a bath; wall-to-wall carpet, washer/dryer, dishwasher, and wet bar, all for $850. But such elegance would be wasted on somebody who decorates with shower curtains, and my object was to have less space, not more. Besides, it involved a long trek through the "galleria"—a veritable mall—to get to the elevator.

I'm on the ground floor now, but since I write and watch TV in the kitchen, I have to walk upstairs to the bathroom. A well-known and respected conservative, who shall remain nameless, suggested a way to make things easier on myself, but I told him I couldn't do it. Lest we forget, civilization emerged not from the grand documents and noble philosophies of men, but from an arbitrary little voice in the female head saying, "That's not nice!"

Other than that, my socio-cultural observations are on hold because the post office does not forward catalogues. I had phone numbers for the ones I've ordered from so I called them with my new address, but the ones I merely studied are lost.

You can learn a lot from catalogues you never order from. How somebody like Bill Clinton ever got elected becomes instantly clear when we view universal suffrage through the prism of three offerings: "Will make your friends scream with laughter!" (toilet seats that play Sousa marches in response to pressure); "A real attention-getter!" (lifelike severed limbs); and, "Guaranteed to liven up your parties!" (*Le Mannequin Pis* drink dispensers).

I moved my NR-idea files myself, clutching them to my heart all the way to the new place. Now that I'm settled, I've gone through them and made column notes. A sampling:

1. The switch from mere age to "age groups" and the relentless use of the word "generation" have convinced me that undifferentiated blobs aren't so bad after all.

2. I detect movement on the virtue front: Apologies are out and forgiveness is in. You might think one could not exist without the other, but it's no longer necessary to have a petitioner in order to have an absolver. Forgiveness, once a sign of a generous soul, is now a sign of individual responsibility and superior awareness. The most committed forgivers need no prompting, which is why their forgiving is indistinguishable from their recycling and flossing.

3. Come the moment in Campaign 2000 when our fancy lightly turns to thoughts of arsenic, I'll be ready with my second-favorite (next to Lizzie Borden) murderess, Madeleine Smith, the well-bred Victorian nymphomaniac who made grand slam with Scotland's unique "Not Proven" verdict in 1857.

4. Recently I got a letter from a Gentle Reader who asked: "If you could repeal one Constitutional amendment, which would it be?" I don't know what I've done to have such cruel limitations placed on me, but I'll give it a try.

5. My most serious column will be about my new book, *A Brou, Not a Ha-Ha*, in which I explain why every country that fought in the War of the Spanish Succession shouldn't have. **NR**

Miss King can be reached at P. O. Box 7113, Fredericksburg, Va. 22404.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No sweat.

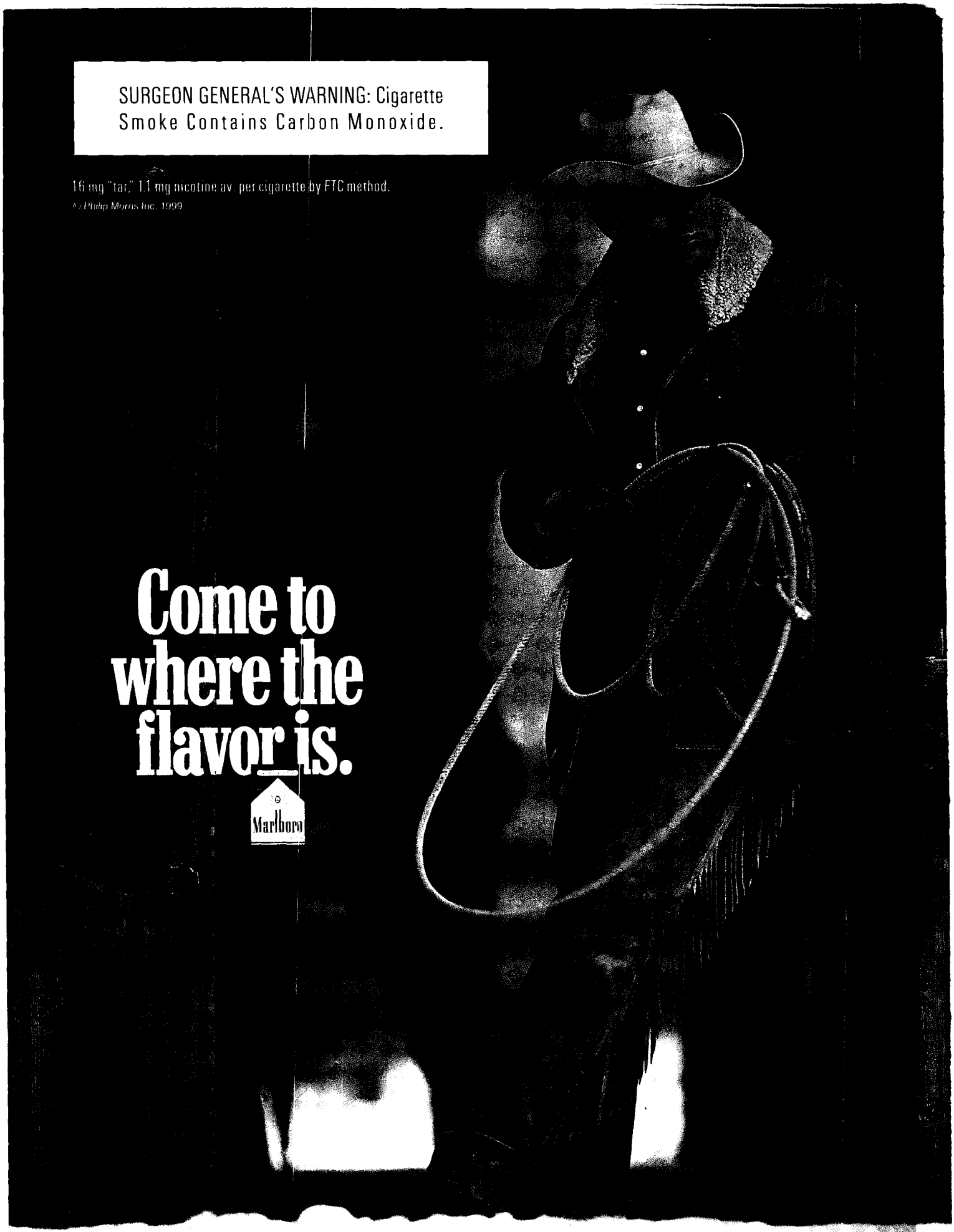
VISA® poly/cotton blends. A cut above other shirt fabrics, with wicking, soil-release and durability to die for. Throw in lower processing costs and you can see why VISA® is so very cool. Need to know more? Call us at (800) 828-3034.

MILLIKEN

©1998 Milliken & Company. ®VISA is a registered trademark of Milliken & Company for fabrics.

Trevira

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.
16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
© Philip Morris Inc. 1999
Come to where the flavor is.
Marlboro

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED